

ING

5



mref  
F 574.W4785W47 1898 C.1 White Lak



2 0000 000 961 017

0572084









WHITE

LAKE

REMINISCENCES.

Compiled by the

Ladies Aid Society,

of the

Congregational Church,

Whitehall, Michigan.

# Contents.    ✨   ✨   ✨

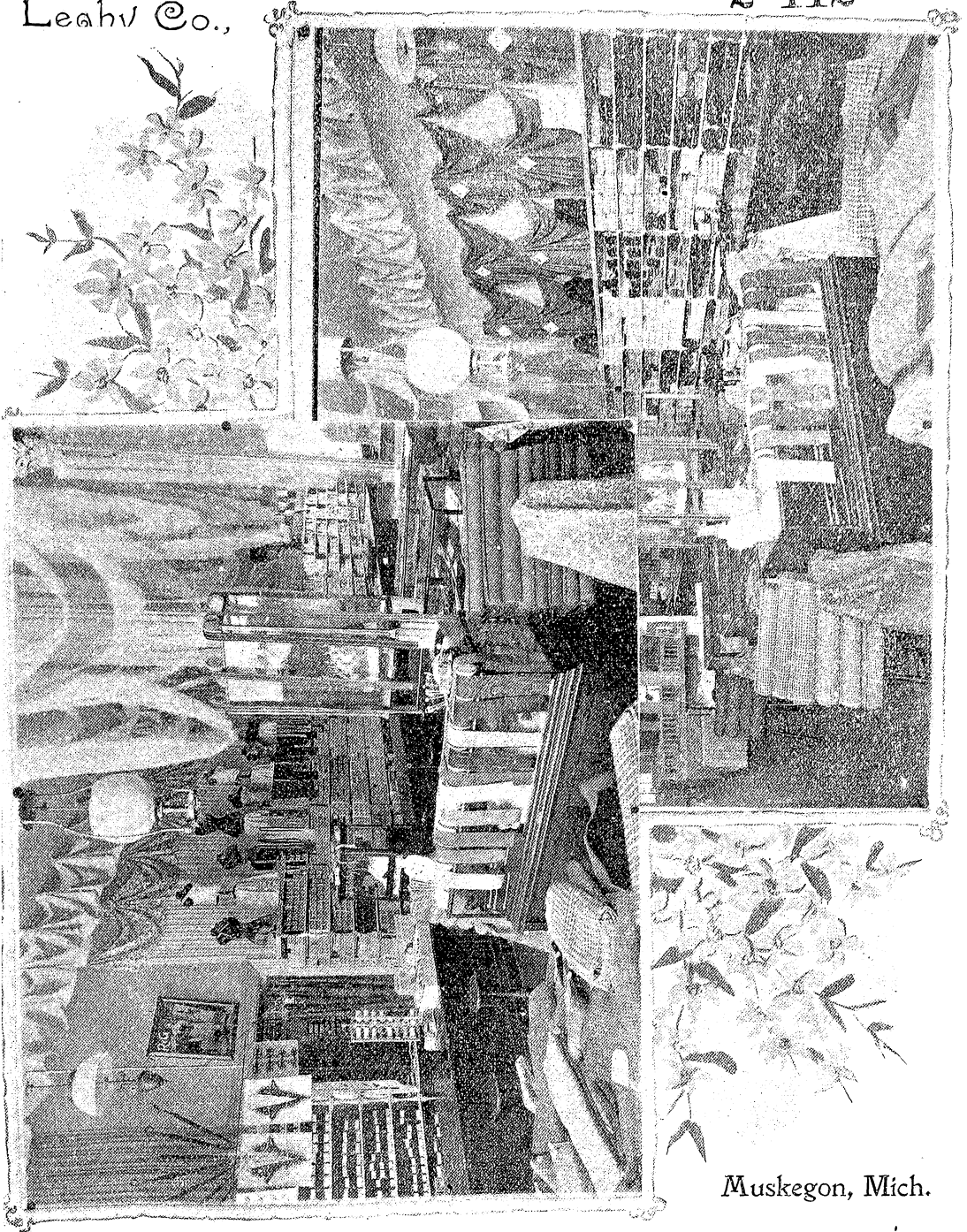


	Page.
Preface	3
The Mears Family,	5
The Hansons,	8
S. J. B. Watson,	9
The Daltons,	10
Early Experiences of the Hoblers, <i>R. H.</i> ,	12
A 4th of July in '63, <i>C. H. J.</i> ,	14
A Retrospectioon, <i>S. A. A.</i> ,	15
Out Hero,	17
An Aboriginal Spot, <i>Fred Norman</i> ,	18
The Glaziers,	20
The Churches, <i>Mrs. J. T. Moore</i> ,	21
The Covells,	26
Whitehall's First-born, <i>Margaret Thompson Green</i> ,	28
The Schools, <i>F. J. Hendershot</i> ,	29
Montague's School System, <i>H. H. Terwilliger</i> ,	33
Our School Days, <i>J. J. Gee</i> ,	35
Early Outings, <i>A. W. Slayton</i> ,	36
George E. Dowling,	40
Linderman Recollections, <i>A. T. Linderman</i> ,	41
Some Whitehall Homes,	42
Saunterings, <i>C. W. Redfern</i> ,	44
The Slocums,	47
The White River Drive,	51
The Days Gone By, <i>Edith Gotts Munger</i> ,	53
Hunting and Fishing, <i>G. T. W.</i> ,	56
Early Days of Blue Lake, <i>Anderson J. Britton</i> ,	58
Mr. and Mrs. Lyman T. Covell,	60
Twilight at the Beach, <i>E. J. S.</i> ,	61
A Medieval Family,	62
Michillinda,	63
The Pioneer, <i>Thomas Kelly</i> ,	67
Pepper and Salt,	69
The Outlook, <i>Ed. Phelan</i> ,	73

Number of Illustrations, Thirty-five.

Leahy Co.,

2 112



Muskegon, Mich.

# MAIL ORDER HOUSE.

Write for Samples.

Special Lines of \_\_\_\_\_  
Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Underwear, Curtains,  
Rugs, Wash and White Goods.  
Silk and Dress Goods. Latest Novelties.



PHILAN

THE POPULAR

CLOTHIER,

Tailor, Hatter, Gents' Furnisher.

Fine Shoes a Specialty.

Montague, : : Michigan.

**THE WHITEHALL ROLLER MILLS,**  
**OLESEN & YOUNGQUIST, PROP'RS.**



As one of Whitehall's most valuable and permanent industries must be mentioned its Roller Mill which was first built in 1884 and has since then, owing to good management and patronage, been enlarged and improved till to-day it stands as a first class merchant mill and as a custom mill it has no superior in the State, always giving to the farmers the best grade of flour that good wheat and latest improved machinery can produce in exchange for their wheat. Their special brand "Ruby" is well known in this community and has larger sale than any other brand of flour in this market. By their system of grinding and bolting, their flour produces a beautiful bread, rich in color and flavor and retaining its moisture longer than most Winter wheat flour in the market.

A separate full roller system for grinding rye has this year been added to the mill, which is capable of a large yield and produces a very clear flour with good raising qualities and preserving to the fullest degree the full flavor of the rye.

Their Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat flour has a large and constantly increasing sale at home and abroad and the future prospects for this industry are bright.

*Real Estate and Loans.*

*Mortgages Bought and Sold.*

*Farms For Sale or Rent.*



**Elliott T. Slocum.**



**Offices in Michigan :**

Trenton, Wayne Co.   ▶ Slocum's Junction.  
Slocum's Island.

DETROIT,  
Wayne Co.

WHITEHALL, Muskegon Co.

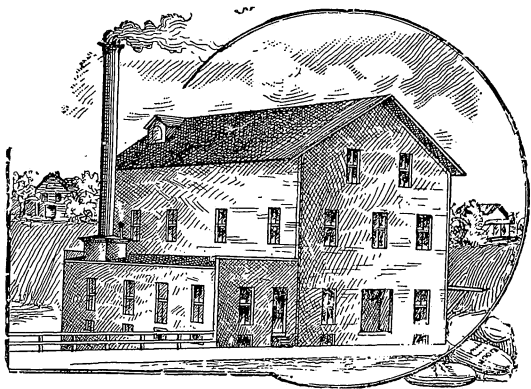
SLOCUM'S GROVE, Muskegon Co.

# The Montague Roller Flour Mills,

owned and operated by

## A. L. DICKINSON,

who is well known on White Lake and vicinity.



Mr. Dickinson came to Whitehall in 1878 and since 1882 has been a resident of Montague. He has been in the Montague Mills only a short time but has built up an enviable trade and is making a quality of flour that is surpassed by none.

### GEE & CARR,



Carpets,  
Crocery,  
Seeds,  
Paints,

HARDWARE  
AND  
FURNITURE.



Agricultural  
Implements,  
Wagons,  
Buggies.

Whitehall, Mich.

### H. A. WOLFF,



Pianos,  
Organs,  
Musical Adsr.  
Sheet Music.  
Candies,  
Bicycles,  
&c., &c.



Rodgers, Block,  
Muskegon, Mich.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

We sell more  
**FURNITURE,**  
**CARPETS** and  
**CROCKERY**  
than any other house  
in  
Western Michigan.



Are YOU  
about to come and  
**SEE US.**



Are you going to ride  
a Wheel?

We sell the  
**MONARCH,**  
**ELDRIDGE,**  
**CLEVELAND,**  
**FLEETWING,**  
**ENVOY, ©©**  
**IMPERIAL,**  
**PHOENIX,**  
**WOLFF American,**  
None Better on Earth.

Yours to Please. **N. G. Vanderlinde,** Come and See Us.

**7 and 9. West Western Avenue,**  
**MUSKEGON, © © MICHIGAN.**

**Mrs. J. Hanson,**

**FINE**  
**MILLINERY.**

**Mears & Swenington's Store,**  
**COLBY ST., WHITEHALL, MICH.**

**HANS MARSHALL,**

Dealer in **Dry Goods,**  
**Groceries,**  
**Tinware,**  
**Nails, Etc.**  
**Whitehall, Mich.**

**Goods First Class.**  
**Prices Right.**

**ONE CENT  
SPENT**

For a Postal Card,  
and addressed to

**D. CHRISTIE,**  
**Muskegon, Mich.**

with a description of the  
**TEA, COFFEE, BAKING POWDER**

You are in the habit of using,  
Will bring you, by return mail,  
samples of each, which will  
show you how we can  
save you a great many  
dollars in course  
of a year.



PEOPLE SAY

**READ'S**

is the  
**Grandest and Cheapest Store**  
IN ITS LINES  
IN THE STATE.  
**GROCERIES** Every Description.



BULK SEED,  
CROCKERY,  
TINWARE,  
CHINA,

and an Extensive Line of

**General Merchandise.**

*Write for Prices. W. H. READ,  
87, Western Ave., MUSKEGON, Mich.*



Our Assortment of  
Children's

VESTEE SUITS

FOR

**Boys of All Ages**

from 3 to 10 years,  
is the

**LARGEST**

ever brought to

**MUSKEGON.**



They are Beauties  
At Reasonable Prices.

**C. B. MANN & CO.,**

49, W. Western Av., Muskegon, Mich.

Have Your

△ Photographs △

taken

BY **LADD,** OF

**MUSKEGON.**



We will open up our Branch  
Gallery at Montague  
about May First.

**Muskegon**  
**Milling Co.**



Manufacturers  
and Shippers of



**Flour, Feed,  
Mill Stuffs,  
AND Grain.©**

Our Celebrated Brands :

**Fancy Patent,  
Silver Leaf,  
Home Rule,  
Pearl.**  
**MUSKEGON, MICH.**

◉ ◉ J. T. MOORE, ◉ ◉

Up to  
Date **BOOTS & SHOES.**

Good to Wear.  
Good to Look At.

Buy Footwear of the Exclusive Dealer and You are  
pretty sure to get the Right Kind. We  
deal **EXCLUSIVELY** in the

**Best the Market Affords,**

and sell at the

Closest Figures We May.

**WHITEHALL, MICH.**



**WORDEN GROCER CO.**\_\_\_\_\_

**IMPORTERS,**

**— Wholesale Grocers,**

**GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**



◉ ◉ **Fine Goods a Specialty.** ◉ ◉

ADVERTISEMENTS.



The Occidental Hotel, Muskegon, Michigan,

ESTABLISHED 1882.

**C. G. Pitkin**  
**DRUGGIST.**  
*Jobber, Bookseller, Stationer.*  
 (Cor Colby St. & Mears Ave.  
*Whitehall, Mich.,*

**C. E. & M. B. COVELL,**

All Kinds of

Shingles, **Lumber,** Lath, Etc.



FRUIT AND FARMING LANDS  
 in Muskegon, Oceana, and  
 Newaygo Counties, For Sale.

**Whitehall, Mich.**

**MYRMELL BROS.,**

The Mears Avenue

**GROCERS, BOOTS,  
 SHOES.**

**Lowest Prices, Best Goods.**

**Whitehall, Mich.**

WHITE



LAKE



REMINISCENCES.

Compiled by the

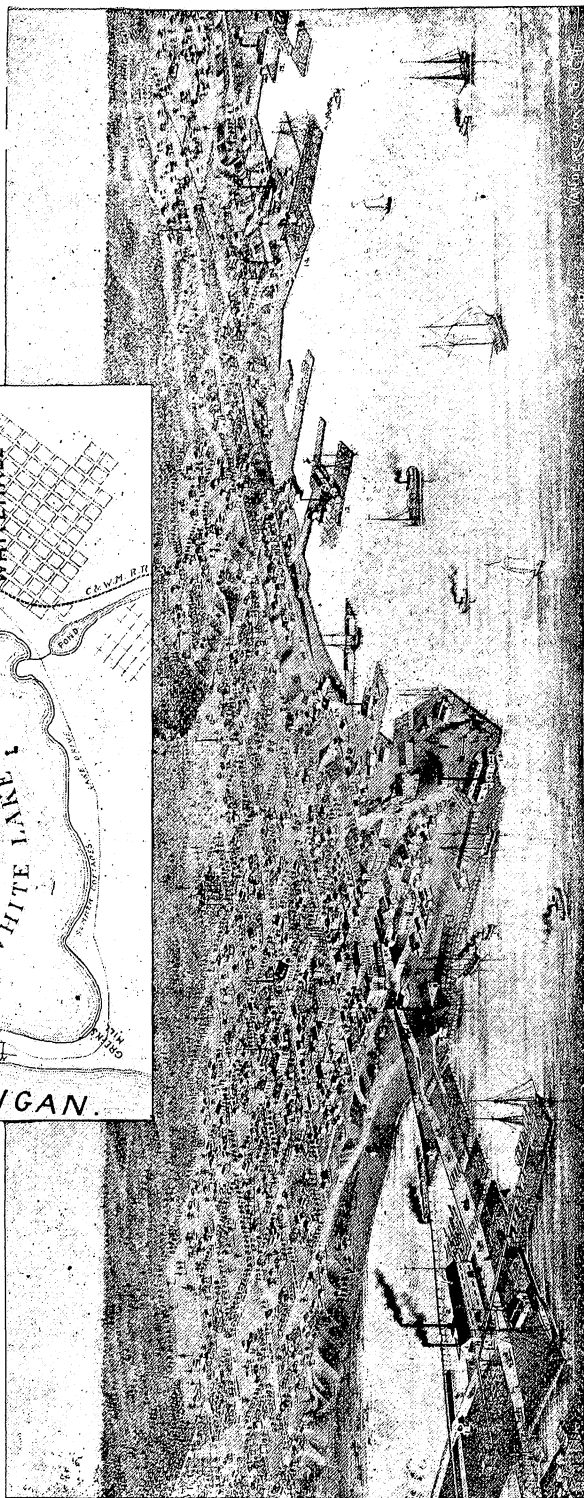
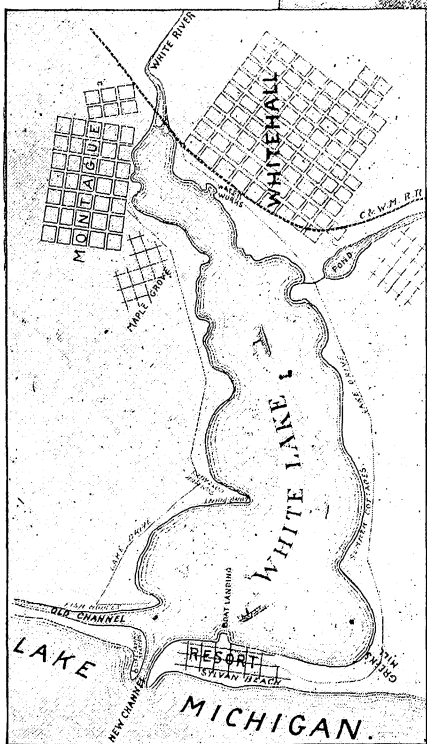
Ladies Aid Society,

of the

Congregational Church,

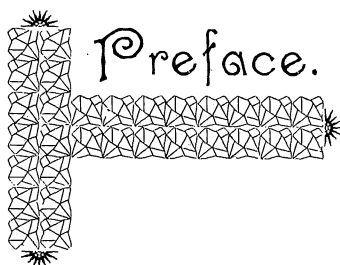
Whitehall, Michigan.

WHITEHALL, MICH. :  
ED. J. SMITH, PRINTER.  
1898.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WHITEHALL AND WHITE LAKE, MICHIGAN.

5714  
W4785  
W478  
1898  
GENEALOGY  
M. Ref



There are many, many "Ladies Books," and, no doubt, each one fills its particular mission and has its coterie of admirers. The Ladies who took upon themselves the collation of the present work counted the difficulties in their way, and had builded their hopes, not upon the pinnacles, but upon the turrets of fame's battlements. Perhaps to make such a work successful from a literary standpoint would require the guidance of a master hand, and when it is considered that the Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Poetic Efforts, found between these covers, were garnered from the four quarters of the globe, so to speak, from the farm and workshop, as well as the office and parlor, we are sure of the indulgence of our readers, for any wide divergence of thought, or scattering of rhetorical fire.

The illustrations have been gotten together in much the same way, from all sorts of subjects by all sorts of processes. If they faithfully portray the dear faces we would memorize, or the loving scenes we would depict, they have accomplished their and our purpose. We feel sure the publisher has been painstaking, and with the material at hand, has done the best he could to produce a creditable work and control his patience.

The spirit of "live and let live," shown by our advertisers, is commendable, and while the display might have been more elaborate, we feel deeply grateful to the wide-awake merchants of Whitehall, Montague, and Muskegon, who, from the army of solicitors who besiege them, had the grace to select our "Reminiscences" as one of the mediums to make their business known, we hope, with fruitful results.

In fine, it is with intense gratitude to all the dear friends who have assisted us in the by no means easy task of getting these odds and ends together, in the form of a book, that we lay down our pens, relax our visages from the hardened expression of the canvasser, thank everybody all around, and wish the world in general Godspeed.

LADIES AID SOCIETY,

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

Whitehall, Michigan.

June 1898.



JAMES W. OCOBOCK.      MRS. JAMES W. OCCBOCK.  
 MRS. JOHN C. LEWIS.      MRS. HARLO RUGGLES.      JOHN C. LEWIS.  
 JOSEPH HINCHMAN.      MRS. JOSEPH HINCHMAN.





HON. ELLIOTT T. SLOCUM, DETROIT, MICH.

*See page 48.*



A GROUPE OF THE LADIES AID SOCIETY.

## The Beginnings.    ©    ©    ©

### ©    ©    ©    The Mears Family.



IN all new countries we find the first settlements along the water courses or harbors.

In May, 1836, Martin Ryerson arrived in Muskegon as clerk for Joseph Trotier, ("Trucky"), an Indian trader, Louis Badeau sent by Rix Robinson was the only other white man there.

The only roads at this time were Indian trails. One reached White River at Burying-Ground-Point and from there crossed over to the Trading Post, an old cabin built of logs and used by Frenchmen to keep their supplies while dealing or "swapping" with the Indians. During the Summer of 1836, Chas. Mears was at Muskegon and heard of White Lake. He returned to his home in Paw Paw and built a clinker boat. In April, 1837, he started by way of Paw Paw river and Lake Michigan for White Lake. He was accompanied by his brother Albert, then a boy of fifteen, and two men. They were capsized several times and were nearly two weeks reaching Grand Haven. Here they replenished their stock of provisions and pressed on, arriving about the first of May.

The outlet from the lake was a narrow, crooked, and very shallow stream, considerably North of the present Government channel. At the Mouth was a

bar of white marl, and from this the Indians evolved a name meaning White River.

On entering Mr. Mears found a man holding a claim for Hiram Pearsons, of Chicago. On the flat where Mr. Bush now lives, Wab-an-ingo's band of Indians had a small clearing and were planting corn. Mr. Mears proceeded up the lake and at noon was at Burying-Ground-Point. Here another party of Indians were eating dinner. The party received an invitation to partake, but did not accept. They soon after reached a clear and shining stream to which Mr. Mears gave the name Silver Creek.

Albert felled the first tree and within two weeks a cabin of split logs, 16x20 feet had been built, and a small piece of ground cleared. Chas. then started on foot for Paw Paw to get castings for a mill, leaving Albert and the two men to continue the work. One of these men soon became tired and one night took most of their bread and disappeared. At the end of two months their provisions were nearly exhausted. Having heard nothing from Charles they put their effects into a skiff and started for Paw Paw. At Grand Haven Albert concluded he had roughed it enough and took passage on a schooner for St. Joseph.

Chas. Mears and Mr. Herrick returned in the Fall with the necessary castings for a water mill which they decided to build at what has since been called "The Brown Place" or more recently the Wilcox mill. The next Summer Albert came again and helped cut the



ALBERT MEARS.

trees whose stumps can still be seen above the water of the pond.

Charles again went away for more material. As he did not return when expected, Albert, after enduring great hardships, started for home. At Grand Haven he suffered from a painful felon; getting this lanced he boarded a schooner and just as they were entering St. Joseph harbor, saw his brother leaving for White Lake. He kept very quiet for fear of being recognized and taken back. He did not return again until July 4, 1861. Charles had built a sloop "The Ranger," with a carrying capacity of 15,000 feet of lumber. John D. Hanson was captain and they came to White Lake in 1838, probably the first sailing craft to enter the lake.

In 1844, Mr. Mears built the Duck

Lake mill and about this time James Dalton built the Silver Creek mill. Hiram Hulbert built the one on Carleton Creek and sold it to I. E. Carleton in 1851. In 1850 the Rev. Wm. M. Ferry built the first steam saw mill at White River or "The Mouth." Scott & Stebins ran it until 1854. Each of these mills formed a little community of its own. A store and boarding-house would spring up and the place soon take on quite a city air.

Thomas Stannage, John Hanson and John Barr were here in 1838; the Daltons and Lanfords, in 1845; the Hoblers, Cains, Burrows, and others, in 1850.

It is said they celebrated the 4th of July, 1846, at the "Mouth" with a salt pork dinner, after which they had a swimming match.



MRS. ALBERT MEARS.

In the early 50's Mr. Mears sold the mill he first built to John Brown. And ever since it has been known as "The Brown Place." The mill has long since disappeared. Mr. Brown was a brother-in-law of C. C. Thompson, and built the house now called the Wilcox boarding house. At present Mr. and Mrs. Brown reside at Fallon, Nevada.

In 1859, Charles Mears and Giles Slocum platted the village of Mears, now Whitehall. That year Mr. Mears erected the store at the foot of Colby St. The old landmark burned in 1896. Chas. Mears married late in life and settled in Chicago where he died in May, 1895. His wife died first and an only daughter survives them.

After Albert Mears' rather abrupt departure, in 1838, he did not return to

White Lake until July 4, 1861. At that time he purchased the store of his brother and has ever since been connected with the mercantile interests of Whitehall. He was the first Post Master and has held many positions of public trust. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mears have good memories and tell many interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of our early history. Mrs. M. remembers seeing a wild deer run down Colby street, the present business thoroughfare, and plunge into the lake.

At present writing these aged representatives of their family, whose life is so closely identified with Michigan's early development, are in the enjoyment of good health and the esteem of all who know them, residing in a comfortable home at Whitehall.

## The Hansons.    ©    ©    ©



THE early history of Whitehall, Muskegon County, Michigan and the lives of John D. Hanson and his wife Betsey, are hardly in the nature of things inseparable.

To be sure, if the theory of the geologists be correct, Whitehall, or the country where it is now located, existed a short time at least, before the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Hanson began.

Nature not only confides in us, but in the memory of a few people now living there is recorded the fact that in 1842 Whitehall, then unnamed, was nothing more or less than a dense wilderness. Not a white inhabitant was ever known to have entered its dark confines. The bear, the wolf, the panther, and the lynx

roamed unmolested and undisturbed, except by the occasional visit of a tribe of Indians armed only with the bow and arrow.

In their semi-annual wanderings these Indians were known to have visited the shores of this little lake, and even now may be found many proofs of their camping grounds, in the shape of tomahawks, hatchets, arrow heads, and stone knives. In 1843 the late Hon. Charles Mears discovered the great pine forests with an occasional oak, which surrounded the Lake and grew near to the river



bank. The next year in company with John D. Hanson, he "set his stakes" including a tract for future lumbering. They first converted the tall pines into square timbers which were shipped to Chicago on the sloop Ranger, the first vessel to ply between these two ports, and of which Mr. Hanson acted as captain.

The next year 1845, Mr. Hanson was married to Miss Betsey Austin, of Milwaukee. They moved at once to White Lake and were thus the first white settlers in this vicinity. Nine children were

born to them, seven of whom are still living: Mrs. G. C. Myers, Chas. H., John D. S., Myron W., Winfield M., and Fremont M., all residents of Oceana County; also Mrs. Lillie L. Peck, of Montague, Muskegon County. These were the first white children born at White Lake and for some time had for neighbors and visitors

only Indians, squaws, and papooses. These, however, were neighborly, clever and sociable. About the year 1848, Dr. Thomas Phillips with his wife and parents settled here; also Walter Duke, a familiar character for many years on White River and vicinity.

These were directed by Mr. Hanson to what was called the Claybanks, a beautiful section of the country about ten miles to the North-west, where Dr. Phillips practiced until his death. He was an able physician, and during his first year on White Lake had many oc-

casions to demonstrate his ability. During this year a stranger appeared at the home of Mr. Hanson. He was sick and asked lodging. The house was full, seventeen in all, but the hospitable nature of Mr. Hanson would not permit him to neglect the poor man. He was taken in, Dr. Phillips was sent for and after diagnosing the case declared it to be small pox. Imagine the shock to the household, eight men, besides a family of small children, huddled together in that small log house, and small pox, the most deadly of diseases, in their very midst. The poor fellow died, but so well did Dr. Phillips handle the case that not one was taken down from this exposure.

Fever and ague were the fashions of the day, and some said that the atmosphere was so full of it that even the cattle, dogs, and hogs would shake with this terrible disease.

It might be well to follow the fortunes of a few of these old residents:

Mr. John D. Hanson moved his family from Whitehall to Claybanks in a yawl boat in the year 1856. His farm house

was always headquarters for lawyers and judges. He was always prominent in the politics of the county and was a republican with strong convictions. He held the office of Deputy U. S. Marshal for several years, and was Consul to Sweden and Norway for a number of years, which office he filled with credit to himself and friends.

Mr. John D. S. Hanson whose portrait accompanies this article, at present the editor and publisher of the Hart Journal, was one of the first white children born in Whitehall, the date of his birth being 1852. He has served his country well as a farmer, as Constable, Supervisor, School Inspector, Sheriff and Deputy U. S. Marshal. During his office as Sheriff he studied law and at the expiration of his second term, passed a creditable examination and was admitted to the bar, since which time he has been Prosecuting Attorney, Probate Clerk, and Village Attorney of Hart,

In 1876 he was married to Miss Ada Tower at Whitehall by the Rev. D. M. Ward, pastor of the M. E. Church, and they now have an interesting family.



J. B. WATSON and family came in 1855 from Watertown, N. Y., to Chicago by railway. They crossed Lake Michigan to Pere Marquette, now Ludington, on the steamer Huges. There they boarded the sailing boat Ocean, Capt. Benjamin Storms, for White River. Here the Ferrys were operating a mill, store, etc. Jos. Stebbins was manager; Frank Baker, of Montague, engineer; Peter Hobler, foreman, and Jesse D. Pull-

man, clerk in the store. Deacon Bennett raised garden vegetables. There was no fruit or berries until the fire went through the clearings; then wild blackberries and raspberries came in plentifully. By 1859 it began to seem like civilization. Mr. Watson died in 1885. Sanford Watson now runs the farm and "Col." Theodore lives in Whitehall. Mrs. Watson, now a resident of Montague has an excellent memory and can give very interesting accounts of pioneer days.

## The Daltons.    ©    ©    ©



JAMES DALTON, Sr., emigrated to St. Joseph, Michigan from the County Roscomon, Ireland in the year 1834, with his daughter Catharine, then 11 years old. Two years subsequently Mr. Dalton was joined by his 5 sons, Edward, the oldest, (then nineteen,) Joseph, James, Peter and Andrew. In 1838 the family moved from St. Joseph to Grand River to the vicinity of Grand Rapids, where they engaged in the lumber business and neighbored with the Indians. About 1845 Edward and James, being ambitious to engage in business on their own account, started on a prospecting tour down the lake shore expecting to reach Manistee, of which place they had heard. The mouth of Muskegon River was crossed on a temporary raft of their own construction. Upon arriving at White Lake, James gave out and the boys obtained shelter from Chas. Mears, who was then operating a small water mill on the creek which empties into White Lake, where the S. N. Wilcox mill was located in more recent times.

Being favorably impressed with the appearance of White Lake, the boys concluded to look for a mill sight in its vicinity, and, as water power was the essential thing in those days, Silver Creek was selected and the boys return-

ed to their home on Grand River to make preparations for carrying out the enterprise. Edward having taken sick, James was left to pursue the venture alone. During the Winter a mill was framed at Grand River and a scow built to convey it to Silver Creek. In the Spring the outfit was successfully floated around to White Lake, along with a supply of provisions, and in due time set up at Silver Creek where several "forties" had been "patented" in the meantime and the making of pine lumber, under all the early inconveniences was begun. The lumber, when sawed, was rafted down White river to the mouth, where it was loaded on scows, towed out into Lake Michigan and there laden on vessels and carried to the then young and growing City of Chicago, where the father of the Dalton boys had started a lumber yard. Shortly after the mill at Silver Creek was built, or about 1852, Peter Dalton came from Chicago where he had been engaged with his father in the lumber yard, making the trip on horseback.

A vessel was then bought to transport the lumber from White Lake and Grand River to Chicago, and James, who had spent considerable time on the water when a boy, was put in command, leaving Peter in charge of the mill at Silver Creek.

About this time the Ferry mill was built at the "Mouth" of White Lake, and upon its construction was employed Mr. L. W. Lanford, a mill-wright, who came from Grand Haven with his wife, four sons, Warren, Henry, George, and Louis, and two daughters, Maria



and Effie. Mr. Lanford subsequently took charge of the Dalton mill at Silver Creek, where his daughter Maria was married to Peter Dalton in 1856.

The first steam boat now made its appearance on White Lake. The craft was constructed by building a deck over two canoes, was propelled by a wheel at the stern driven by a small engine. This primitive ship was named the "Twin Sisters" but was commonly called the "Mosquito." She was imported from Grand River by the Daltons and used by them and Mr. Carleton for towing their lumber from their mills to the "Mouth."

After several years, more or less successfully spent on the turbulent waters of Lake Michigan, Capt. Jas. Dalton found himself one morning late in the Fall, clinging to the rigging of his schooner, the "Blue Bell," off the port of Racine. The crew were rescued during the day and the vessel was righted and gotten into port. Shortly after this the captain concluded that it would be more comfortable living ashore. He married in 1861 Miss Emily Burrows, then a belle of White River.

In 1866, Peter and James Dalton built a steam mill upon the site

just below  
where their  
homes  
were  
after-



wards built on the North bank of White Lake.

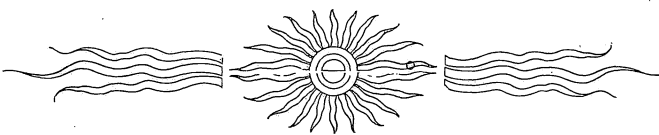
Peter Dalton's wife, Maria, died in 1872. She was followed by Peter himself in 1876. They left surviving them four daughters, Margaret, who died in 1881; Emily, now Mrs. G. H. Mason, of Montague; Kate, now Mrs. W. A. Whitman, of South Arm, Mich.; Bessie, now Mrs. B. M. O'Brien, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and one son, James W. who resides at Menominee, Mich.

The mill built in 1866 was burned in 1879, when Dalton Bros. purchased the Geo. Green mill which was located where the Michillinda post office now stands. This mill was moved to Menominee in 1883.

Capt James Dalton after several years of failing health died in 1885 leaving his wife Emily S. Dalton, now residing at Portland, Oregon; two sons, Edward E. and Joseph M., now residing at Menominee, and one daughter, Burrie Dalton, residing with her mother at Portland, Oregon.

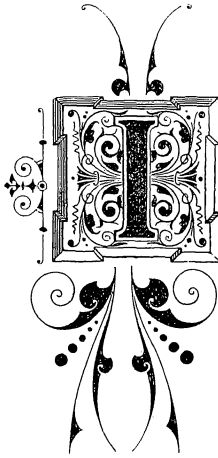
Of the original Dalton family there now survives, Catharine, a maiden lady of 75 years, who enjoys unusually good health and resides at 217 Indiana St., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The family was renowned for its hospitality and many a story is yet told of the generous entertainment accorded by Capt. Dalton. His side-board was always well provided and the visitor never left his hospitable roof without a deep sense of kind reception and of happy treatment.



Early Experiences,    ©    ©    ©

©    ©    ©    Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hobler.



IN the year 1850 my husband, myself and baby, with a girl for help, started from Milwaukee in a lumber vessel for the wild pine forests of Michigan.

After two days and one night of rough weather and sea sickness, we anchored at the mouth of White River and came ashore in the vessel's yawl. It was all two strong sailors could do to keep the yawl along side of the vessel until the passengers could be let down into it. Among six or eight shanties there was one somewhat larger than the rest, dignified by the name of "Hotel," and to this we were directed. Once inside we were not only sea sick but homesick. We were shown to a large room roughly boarded up containing six beds, the one we were to occupy having a small curtain to draw in front of it. Upon examination we found the mattress and pillows to be made of marsh hay, with bed-bugs, fleas and mosquitoes for company, and quarreling, drunken Indians outside, making the night hideous. Sleep was impossible. This was our first experience with the dusky red men and I was naturally very much frightened; but, worst of all, about one o'clock ten men came tumbling in and took possession of the other five beds. In

the morning on going down to breakfast, we found they were all negro lumber rafters who had just come down with their rafts from a water mill about five miles up the lake. This was of course years before the colored people were freed. The breakfast consisted of black coffee, with maple sugar of the Indians' make, and no milk; some fat salt pork and cold beans poorly cooked; some bread without butter, and black molasses.

Our household goods had been brought ashore during the night on a scow which was used in carrying lumber to the vessel. To load in those early days it was necessary to anchor the vessel about a quarter of a mile out, from where a line was stretched to a post on shore and in this way the scow was propelled by the sailors. I tried to make ourselves comfortable for the next night by furnishing a room in the other end of the hotel with our own bedding. Our attempts to sleep were baffled inasmuch as the fleas and other insects were quite as numerous and troublesome as on the preceeding night. You will see that for a hotel this was a very poor excuse. The landlady claimed to be in poor health, induced I think, by her dislike of work, her help being a German woman just over who knew nothing of our way of cooking.

In a few days my husband and another man went out to select a place to build a shanty and succeeded in finding the body of an old log house. They secured the only team which was at the mouth of the river and these were oxen

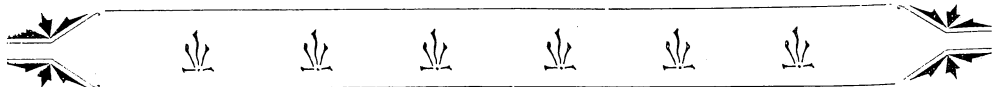
there being no horses here then that we knew of. He hauled lumber for the floor and split some shakes to cover the roof, we had brought some windows with us and the next day we moved in and put up our beds with only half a roof over us; but we had our first square meal and a clean one, too. The mosquitoes bit some but the bugs and fleas we left at the hotel. We lived here one year and it was nine months before I saw a woman, and this was Mrs. Harvey Tower; she and Mr. Tower came one Sunday on a sled drawn by an ox team and stayed all day.

In those days the timber was all on "Uncle Sam's" land and no one thought of buying any, but this could not always last. Some one made a complaint to the Government, the U. S. Marshal came on and seized lumber and shingles all around the lake and compelled the people to pay for the timber, so it was late in the Fall before shipments could be made, and supplies purchased.

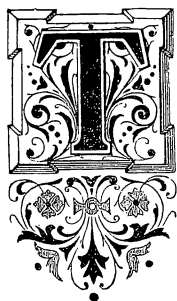
The "Twin Brother" was the only boat which went between White Lake and Milwaukee. The weather being very rough it took three weeks to make the trip, consequently our provisions were well nigh exhausted before she arrived. One provident individual living North of us raised some potatoes, and we were fortunate enough to secure a bag of them which was brought home on two poles. Our bill of fare for one week consisted of potatoes and flour gravy, and, by way of variety, flour gravy and potatoes. This was pioneer life in earnest but we were young and not easily daunted.

At the end of a year we moved down to the mouth of White River and in August returned to Palmyra, Wisconsin, a place forty miles West of Milwaukee, for a visit, and remained two months.

It may be interesting to know the different ways we travelled in coming back to White Lake. We came six miles to Palmyra with a team, then took the stage to Waukesha, from there by rail to Milwaukee, and by-the-way this was my first ride on the cars, it being the only railroad then in Wisconsin and but sixteen miles long. On arriving in Milwaukee we found the Twin Brother had sailed the day before, and upon inquiry found a small steamboat, on which we could go to Grand Haven the next day. Remaining in Grand Haven over night, next morning we engaged a man to take us to White Lake in a small sail boat. We had only gone four miles when we had to put in at Black Creek on account of the strong North wind, and were wind-bound three days with a family that kept the ferry. They lived in a board shanty but were very comfortable, having enough to eat and good places to sleep. Then we boarded the boat and with a fair wind went as far as Duck Lake; and, as it was getting very rough and dark, we concluded to remain here over night. The next morning the wind was fair for the captain of our boat to go back to Grand Haven, so my husband paid him, and we concluded to walk the beach the rest of the way. Each taking a child in arms we started, leaving our trunk to be sent later. After going about two miles we came to a steep bank washed by the water. If I went past it meant wet feet, so my husband took both the children and waded around the bank where he put them on the sand, then came back and carried me around. We reached home at noon, having been on the road five days and a half and five nights going a distance of one hundred twenty-five miles. Such was the conveniences(?) of travel in the early days. R. H.



A 4th of July in '63.    ◎    ◎    ◎



THE celebration of "The Fourth" on White Lake in 1863 was the principal event of the year. The festivities included a boat ride to the "Head" followed by a ball at Caine's Hotel in the evening. Now the early steamer was wonderfully made; a side wheeler of rather imposing appearance, and so nicely balanced that a slight inequality in the burden was sufficient to put one of the wheels out of the water. Therefore, a lady of considerable avoirdupois was generally chosen candlestick, her weight making it possible to utilize both wheels at the same time.

On this particular Fourth everybody from Duck Lake to McCullom's Settlement, was invited to a boat ride and picnic at "The Head," on a scow called the Monitor, fitted with a boiler and engine in the middle, and owned and manned by Ferry & Dowling. Ed. Burrows manipulated the heavy plank which served as a rudder. About eight o'clock the crowd began to gather. There was no hurry, no bustle. Every one was sure to come and the boat waited until the entire population, children included, was aboard. Then she began to crawl up the lake. Stops were made at Rathbun's, Luscomb's, Pierce's, and at the old water mill, the rest of our unsightly docks being yet unbuilt where fair green banks and waving woodland then came gracefully down to the water's edge.

Arrived at "The Head" the party proceeded to a spot beyond the grist mill on the North hill where they found reinforcements from miles around. After

many friendly greetings had been interchanged, the program was given. Rev. Mr. Griffin led in prayer. George Dowling was master of ceremonies; Theodore Depew read the Declaration of Independence, and Ed. Ferry gave the oration. This is said to be the very day that Noah Ferry lost his life at Gettysburg. The next thing was dinner. Enough tables were arranged in a circle to accommodate all the guests and the baskets were opened. Such eatables! Chicken pie, fried chicken, chicken baked, "riz" biscuit, and green currant pie; in fact, the very cream of our mothers' baking was spread upon those tables. The waiters passed along inside the circle to see that everyone's wants was supplied.

The ride home was a fit ending for a perfect day. The party fell into little groups, discussing the day's pleasures and the coming ball, interrupted only by a sudden "You're afire!" as a spark burned its way through the voluminous folds of ladies' skirts or padded broadcloth of gentlemen's shoulders. Most of the party went on to White River to the ball. As the low scow neared the dock every one's feet were lifted until the wave backing from the shore could surge over the deck and draw off again.

The sun was dropping down into Lake Michigan when the party returned home and everyone hurried away to don his evening clothes that he might trip the light fantastic toe to the music of S. J. B. Watson's fiddle, until Morn's gray light came stealing to the open windows telling that the glorious Fourth was over and announcing the coming of the work-a-day Fifth. C. J. H.

# A Retrospection.    ◎    ◎    ◎

S. A. A.

**L**and of the oak and lisp'ing pine!

I sing of thee. Oh! Muse divine,  
Come from the dim primeval shade,  
And touch my harp inspiring maid!

Land of a thousand lakes and hills!  
A thought of thee my bosom thrills,  
Like drops of wine from Bacchus vint,  
With every scent of myrrh and mint.

Land of my heart! My spirit knows  
The honey of thy sweet wild rose,  
As in the golden days of June,  
When first it sipped thy nectared spoon.

That long lost June! Oh! fleeing days,  
How soon ye sped the many ways!  
Some passed in joys, some went with tears,  
But all so many hurrying years.

That long lost June had such a sky!  
The war clouds black had all passed by  
And let the Sun of Peace full shine  
On all the land. Oh! son Divine!

That long past June had such a breeze!  
It played and sang with birds and bees.  
And when the twilight shadows fell,  
It slept with them in wood and dell.

That dear old June had such a shade!  
So soft and fresh and newly made!  
And when the morning blushes came,  
A picture hung in Nature's frame.

That dear old June! Its fragrance yet  
Lives in my heart. Should one forget  
The rosy morn and soft sweet sky  
That shone in Love's first trusting eye?

Should one forget the birds and bees,  
Whose songs tuned with his heart to please?  
Should one forget the wild rose sweet-  
That dropped its petals at his feet?

Or can his tongue deny the thought:  
" 'Twas there we built and loved and wrought?"  
May not one's pen the truth confess:  
"There is the place of all the best."

Thus was the virgin plain and wood,  
And there the rustic cabin stood,  
Where thro' the leaves of pine and oak,  
Ascending, crept the wreaths of smoke.

Behold, a vet'ran soldier comes.  
Fresh from the beat of warlike drums,  
With youth and strength, and hope and wife,  
To weave the varied web of life.

How bright the morning paints the land  
When youth and love walk hand in hand!  
How fast the air built castles rise  
All gilded by the crimson skies!

The future has no cloud of doubt,  
But brush of youth can paint it out.  
The future has no gloom of night,  
But Hope illumines with its light.

And so the soldier and his bride  
'Took up life's labors side by side;  
Built many a lordlike castled wall,  
Saw many an airy fabric fall.

And while his gleaming ax blade rang,  
She kept the house and blithely sang,  
And while he turned the virgin sod,  
Her trust was great in time and God.  
In looking backward down the years  
To those old days and pioneers,  
How Memory brings from out the shade,  
The scenes we knew, the friends we made!

How plain the tumult from the mill  
Comes surging up that long steep hill.  
Again Lars Jensen's honest face  
Gives to that hollow life and grace.

I see him there beside his bench,  
With pipe, and file, and setting wrench.  
I hear his saw's exulting song  
That chimed with Silver Creek so long.

I hear the far down waters roar  
And feel the trembling of the floor;  
And master, mill, and dim and strife,  
Are all about me real as life.

In looking backwards to those days,  
My footsteps seek the old pathways  
That wound by grove, and hill, and lake,  
Those by-roads that all settlers make.

This foothpath led to neighbor C's,  
And marked so plain by ax-blazed trees.  
That wife and child by night or day,  
Had never a fear to miss the way.

But now alas! I search in vain  
For mark on tree, or hill, or plain.  
The landmarks like the pioneers  
Have vanished with the lapse of years.

This path led to the swaying beam  
That spanned the ofttime flooded stream;  
For when the mill gave forth its song,  
The brook a torrent surged along.

This by-road leading down the pond,  
Takes one to Dalton's and beyond.  
The Daltons: Peter, Edward James,  
And sister Cath'rine! well known names.

And where White River rolls its tide,  
Pat Riley and his wife reside.  
For forty years his dear old stream  
Has brought him sleep and blest his dream.

This road will show you Hayes' wood,  
Scarce walked except by Solitude;  
And farther on in darkening shade  
The school house stands with roof decayed.



"Old Charlie's" shop! That old land mark,  
Is dead to clang, and flame and spark,  
And lonely as the hawk that sweeps  
Above the sod where "Susan" sleeps.

On Mill Creek's bank and all alone  
A hero lies! No mark or stone  
Betrays the spot! You might step on  
The unknown grave of Corrington.

He rode with Pritchard on that night  
That stopped Jeff Davis in his flight.  
Nor trumpet blast, nor war steed's neigh,  
Can now disturb his mould'ring clay.

But time has wrought such change of scene,  
That though these words may be as green,  
And air as sweet, my heart is sore,  
They cannot charm me as of yore.

And yet I love each wooded hill,  
Each shining pond and laughing rill,  
The breeze that sings among the oaks,  
A blessing on my head invokes.

With longing heart, I sought last week,  
The lonely banks of Silver Creek.  
And on a charred and rotting beam,  
I sat to ponder, rest, and dream.

I pondered long, and one by one,  
Took up the years and labors done,  
Revived each hope, each plan reviewed,  
Each flight of Fancy's wings pursued.

And what a thing is Life to give;  
Is it a boon, a prize, to live?  
Had we not been, were there less pain?  
Or more of Heaven than Hell to gain?

And what is Life? The secret spring  
From whence all is? The smallest thing  
A mite of sand. The worlds that roll,  
The Universal All, The Whole.

All things have Life. The clod, the stone,  
This rotting beam, yon broken bone;  
As full of Life each in its sphere,  
As is this brook now singing here.

Where was my Life ere I was born?  
Whence came the blush of this fair morn?  
From yesterday? That died last night,  
And woke not with this morning's light.

Will you but think: This world is what?  
A thing, a unit is it not?  
And some time like this bit of clay,  
Will cease to be, and pass away.

Will cease to be? Yes as this sphere,  
But in some other form appear,  
And still have Life, each part or whole,  
In vapor, mist, or world to roll.

Life ever was: must ever be,  
And have some form, a bird or tree,  
A blade of grass, a singing stream,  
A day's delight, a Summer dream.

To-day it's I, now dreaming here,  
To-morrow doomed to disappear.  
Myself it is to change or die.  
The life to be some other I.

The atoms change, the small are great,  
The Ego, Unit, separate  
And reappear. Change after change,  
Is Nature's plan, not new or strange.

My thought is this: Identity  
May not live through Eternity,  
But like all else is doomed by Fate  
To pass away—disintegrate!

For Memory, The Soul, The Mind,  
The Individual: canst find  
A morning dawn; a future state,  
Or would you this annihilate?

I cannot say. Before my birth  
There was as much of life on earth,  
As there is now. I did not add  
One move of life to what it had.

What idle thoughts! A misanthrope!  
Without one poor, consoling Hope!  
Oh give me leave, my longed for stream,  
To hope for Life a while and dream.

I dreamed. The years all came again,  
The June I lost, that flowing plain,  
The birds and bees sung just as sweet,  
The same wild roses at my feet.

And I was young, and at my side.  
Her hand in mine, my blushing bride:  
The morning kissed the rosy sky,  
I kissed my wife, she looked so shy.

Then rose the cotin yonder shade,  
Then rang again my gleaming blade,  
And thronging up the long steep hill  
The whirling clamor of the mill.

And now the days, how fast they fly,  
Like soft fleeced clouds that flick the sky,  
And then one anxious longed for morn,  
Our baby girl was safely born.

Ah me! A dream can bring such pain,  
And probe the long made wounds again,  
Our Ellen died one sad June day,  
Tho' roses bloomed and birds were gay.

How could a June bring such a grief?  
How could her sweet life be so brief?  
All months are sad to you or me,  
All lives are brief! A mockery!

Perhaps our here is but a dream.  
While resting o'er some lonesome stream.  
Perhaps to die is but to wake,  
And find our resting a mistake.

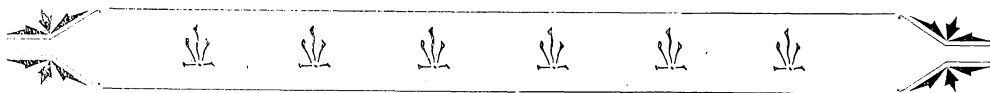
I cannot tell, My dream I knew,  
It made the old ways all so true,  
And friends and neighbors long since dead,  
Smiled to me from the brook's low bed.

The Arab loves his Arab land,  
Although a waste of rock and sand,  
With wife and child and tent and mare,  
He's king of all the desert air.

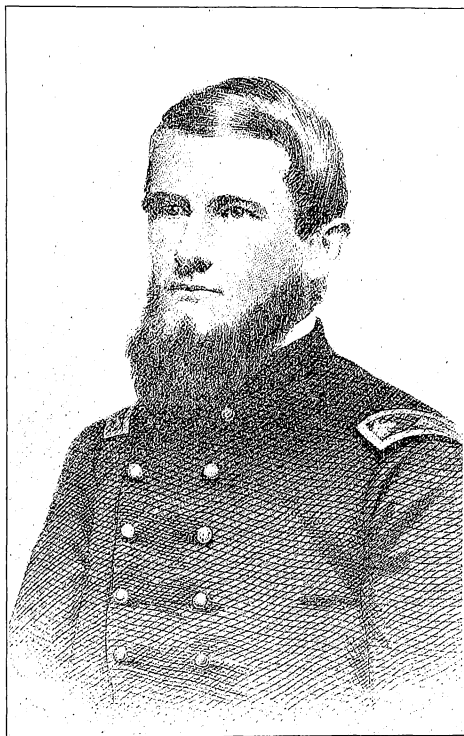
There is a charm that woods alone  
And desert places make their own,  
Where earth and air and cloud and sky,  
Make Heaven and God to man so nigh.  
Home of a thousand lakes and sands,  
Thou art my own loved Arab lands.  
Thou hast the gift of desert air.  
And all but tent and Arab mare.

Land of my heart! Where winds blow free,  
Where sing the birds and wilding bee,  
Where blooms the dainty, sweet, wild rose,  
My Soul to thee in longing goes.





## Our Hero.    ◎    ◎    ◎



**T**HE following extract is from a pamphlet published at the time of Major Ferry's death and kindly furnished us by Miss Mary A. White, of Grand Haven.

Noah Henry Ferry was born on the Island of Mackinaw April 30, 1831. In 1834 his parents removed to Grand Haven. In 1854 he entered into business relations with his brother at White River. Here he spent the remainder of his business life.

In the Summer of 1862 finding that a number of men resident at and near White River were anxious to respond to their country's call for soldiers to suppress the rebellion, and that they were

persistent in the wish that he should go with them, though subject to some dissuasive influence, he decided to go, and at a war meeting held in the Public Hall, he announced such to be his determination.

The following extract is from the Oceana County Times of July 23, 1862 and is Major Ferry's identical language at that Monday night war meeting. He said: "I believe you have called me for some purpose, when you consider my circumstances and the sacrifice I make; how great the sacrifice no one knows except myself and one or two others. But if you say go, I will go and stand by you till the last." That evening 82 men entered into the United States

service. The following day the Company was completed—an instance hardly paralleled in the war; a full company of 102 men ready for service within 24 hours from the time the first man enlisted. Together with him was E. C. Dicy lieutenant, afterward captain.

He fell in battle near Gettysburg, Pa., about 4 o'clock Friday, July, 3, 1863. A man had fallen at his side. He grasped the fallen soldier's musket, and with it, firing as he went, called us onward till the fatal ball pierced his head. He died instantly as he had wished.

By order of Col. Alger his body was buried beneath a tree near Cavalry Headquarters. His father went and identified his body and brought it to Grand Haven for burial. A coincidence may be here stated that at this hour July 4, 1863, of Major Ferry's burial, an

elder brother Wm. Montague Ferry, Jr., was accompanying Gen. Grant into Vicksburg and a younger brother Edward P. was delivering an oration in what is now Montague.

The following extract is from Gen. Custer's official report Aug. 22, 1863: "Gen. Alger assisted by Majors Trobridge and Ferry made such admirable disposition of their men behind fences and other defences as enabled them to successfully repel the repeated advances of a greatly superior force.

"Among the killed I regret to record the name of the brave and chivalric Major N. H. Ferry, of the 5th Michigan Cavalry who fell while heroically cheering on his men."

His name is still loved and mentioned on White River and the G. A. R. Post is there named for him.



## An Aboriginal Spot.    ◎    ◎    ◎

—FRED. NORMAN.



LONG the banks of White Lake are many beautiful points that were once the abode of a prehistoric race whose existence is proved by the numerous relics they left behind, buried in the earth and which the plow or the shovel brings to the surface in the shape of arrow points, stone hatchets and bits of quaintly shaped pottery, ornamented in a way that is truly wonderful for a people who, taken as a whole, could have had but little opportunity or material for ornament.

Sometimes a copper knife or string of beads is picked up where the cows have tramped their paths along the banks or side hills and the searcher after those relics is seldom disappointed if he looks closely for them.

One of the finest spots, as well as one of the most interesting, is Burying-Ground-Point, about three miles above the village of Whitehall. Just why it came to be called by that name, no one seemed to know as there was nothing there to indicate that it had ever been a place of burial for human beings. The numerous mounds that are found on the high grounds just back of and overlooking the places where the homes of these people were made, show plainly



where their dead were buried.

But nevertheless it was known to all, from the earliest settler down to the present time, as Burying-Ground-Point.

Legends there were, as there always is, concerning such places, and I will tell you one that was told to me by one of the aborigines who was a familiar figure in these parts at an early day.

Near the mouth of Silver Creek which the Indians called Bishcagindang (the beautiful) stood a little village presided over and governed by an aged chief, who at the time of my story had two sons just grown to manhood. These boys were the pride of the old man's heart for they were great in the chase, and excelled in the games that these primitive people knew; the bird in the highest tree was not safe from their arrows, while the finny tribe of the river and creeks paid tribute to their skill.

One morning in Autumn when the wood and marshland was all aglow with the red and gold of an Indian Summer, these young men, taking their canoes, started for the great water (Lake Michigan) and promised the old father that they would be back before the fog and shadows of night fell; a promise that was never to be fulfilled, for the shadows of night fell, and the days came and went, but the pride and life of the old chief's heart never came.

Leading straight up from the bank of Silver Creek was a high bluff from the top of which one could see for many miles, and every afternoon as the day was waning, the old man would climb to the top of the hill and seating himself under the huge pine that crowned the summit would gaze across the wood

and marshland towards the open waters from whence his boys should come.

But, alas, being doomed to continual disappointment and brooding over the uncertainty of their fate his life went out. His people found him dead under the tree where he had daily watched, and buried him where he died, his face still turned in the direction he had looked for their coming.

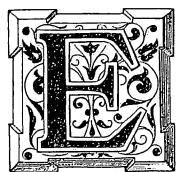
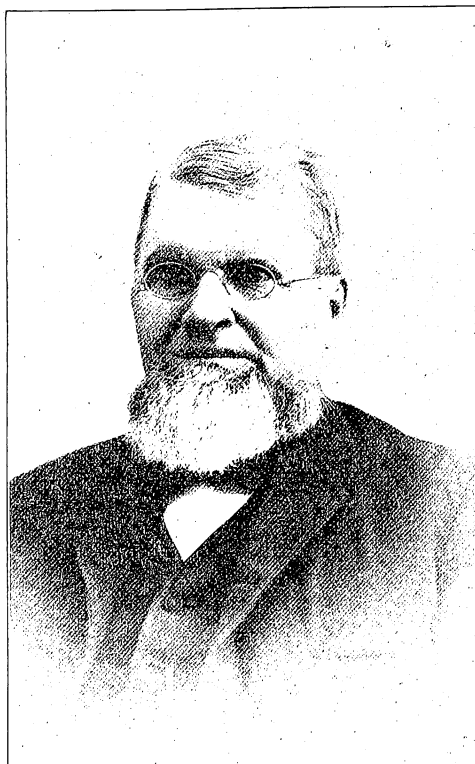


A few years ago some boys who were fishing at the point, noticed the partially decayed prow of a canoe projecting from the bank where the waters had undermined the soft sand and exposed it to view. Their curiosity was aroused and going down to the village told of their find.

A party with shovels went to the Point and digging into the bank unearthed two canoes, each of them containing the skeleton of a man. A few simple implements and copper ornaments was all there were to tell that these were not remains of white men. But the mystery of its name was now apparent, and it was plain what became of the old chief's sons. They had undoubtedly got that far back from their trip when the shades of night and the thick fog settling over the marshland detained them from going farther, and so had pulled their canoes up under the projecting bank, making of them a bed for the night, and while asleep were caught by the treacherous bank caving over them.

The mound at the top of the hill on Silver Creek near the ruins of the old mill, is still plainly visible. But the huge pine that stood close beside it, has fallen and lies decaying there. But enough of it and the old mound are still left to show their immense proportions.

## The Glaziers.    ©    ©    ©

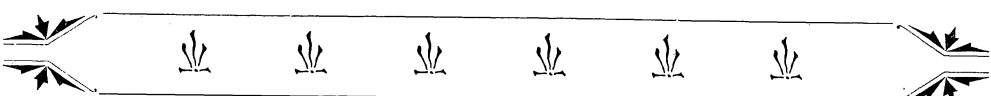


EARLY in the settlement of this country three Glazier brothers came from Scotland and Sewell Glazier, father of Dexter Perry Glazier, was a descendant of one. Dexter's father was also a relative of Franklin Pierce, once President. His mother was of German descent, her maiden name being Perry, of the famous Commodore Perry line.

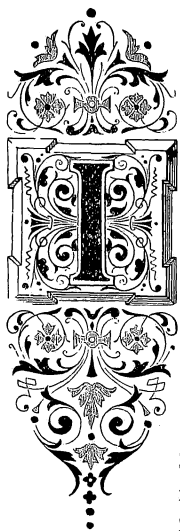
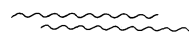
Dexter Perry Glazier was born in Hampden county, Mass., Dec. 2d, 1823. When a mere lad his father died and he came to Western New York, near Buffalo, where he spent several years as an apprentice in the shoemakers' trade, becoming very efficient. After that he

spent some time in Michigan and then returned to Massachusetts for a time. Later he came to Plymouth, N. Y., where he was married to Sarah E. Swain, Aug. 22, 1854. In the Fall of 1855 he moved to Grand Rapids and remained there until July 1st, 1856, when he moved to Newaygo and engaged in general merchandise. He was very successful and held many offices of trust.

In June, 1866, he came to Whitehall and engaged in the same business as in Newaygo. In 1870 he built the first brick block in Whitehall, now known as the Linderman block. Later he moved to Ludington and died while on a visit at the home of his oldest daughter in Wakefield, Mich., Aug. 5th, 1891.



## The Churches.   ◎   ◎   ◎



IN the year 1862 when the village of Whitehall, then called Mears, consisted of but a few houses on the lake shore at the foot of what is now known as Spring street, in a small log house owned by A. Mears, the first Sunday School was organized and held during the Summer. As the place

grew, the want of divine service was greatly needed and was secured through the kindness of the Rev. Van Frank, a retired minister living a few miles from what is now called Whitehall. He came and held service Sunday afternoons.

This continued until the year 1867 when a permanent organization was formed by the Methodists, Universalists, and Baptists, uniting together for their good and for the best interest of the community in forming the first church of Whitehall, which has always been known as the First Congregational Church. It consisted of four charter members, Mr. and Mrs. George Rice and Mrs. Vincent, the other being unknown.

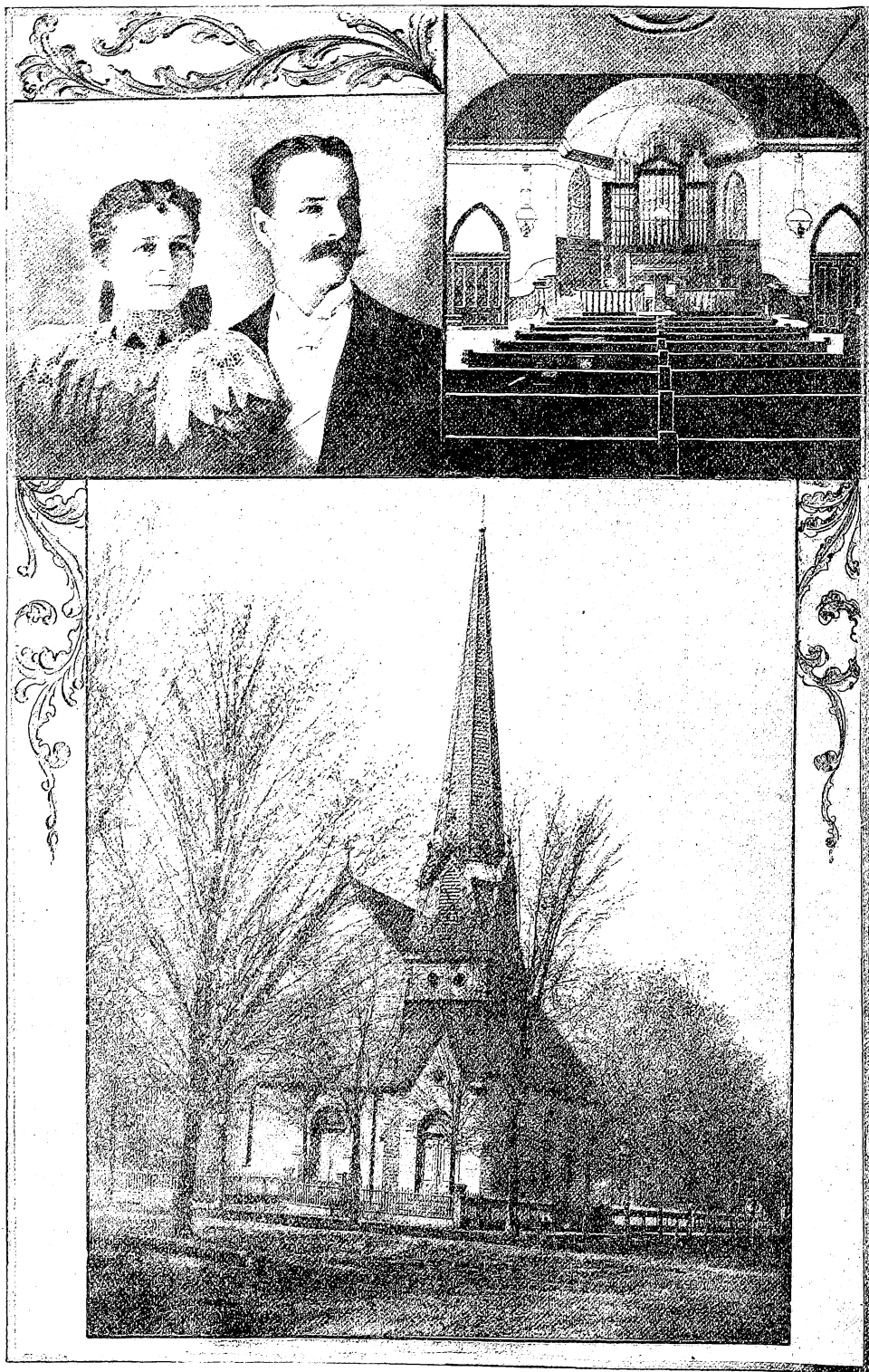
The first pastor was the Rev. St. Claire. The services were now held in the upper story of a small frame building known as the Louis Bratz clothing store.

In August of the same year the Ladies Aid Society was formed at the home of Mrs. Vincent, among them being some of the well-known ladies of Whitehall:

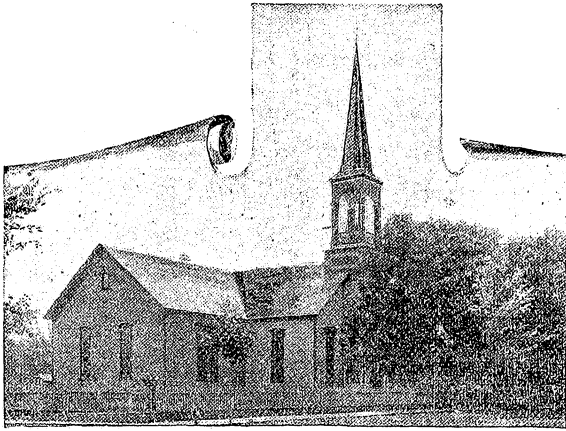
Mesdames St. Claire, Geo. P. Freeman, E. D. Thompson, James Ocobock, A. Mears, P. Hobler, W. H. Parks, Geo. Rice. They have the honor of being the first society of its kind ever organized in Whitehall and to whom much of the prosperity of the church is due by their untiring efforts in the early struggles of its pioneer life, some of which are hardly realized at the present day, and their effective labors during all periods of the church history. The church also owed much to the help received at this time and for a number of years from the Home Missionary Society of which the Rev. LeRoy Warren was at the head in this State.

The next pastor was Rev. Giddings, who, in turn was followed by the Rev. Shafer. The services were now held over Dr. Wheeler's Drug store, as larger and better accommodations were needed with the growth of the church. It was during his pastorate that the foundation and the beginning of the First Congregational Church of Whitehall was laid on the corner of Spring and Division streets. With some assistance furnished by the Congregational Building Society and with much perseverance and self denial by the members and friends of the church, it has been finished at an approximate cost of five thousand dollars. The Rev. Shafer was succeeded by the Rev. James Watts, during whose pastorate the church was first occupied although not entirely finished. Rev. Brown served as pastor during the year of 1876 and a number of members were added, making a total membership of sixty-six.

Rev. C. H. Seaver served as pastor



WHITEHALL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, INTERIOR, PASTOR AND WIFE.



WHITEHALL M. E. CHURCH.

19 new members being received. A fine pipe organ bought at a cost of a thousand dollars which has added greatly to the attraction of the interior of the church.

Rev. Henry A. Todd was pastor during the next two years from 1888 to 1890, at a salary of one thousand dollars. During the year thirty-nine dollars were received for missionary purposes, making the largest amount received during any year.

Rev. W. T. Beale received the second call to serve as pastor from 1890 to the

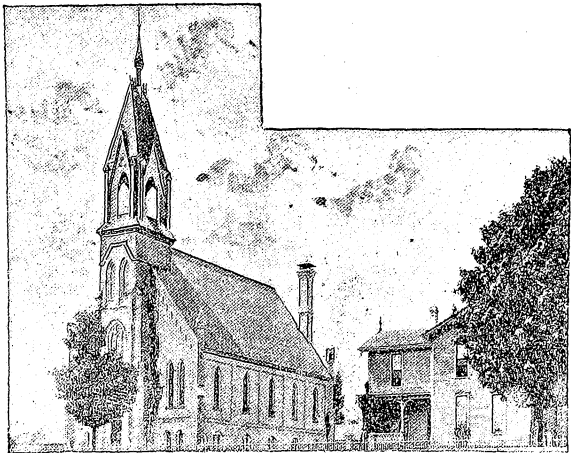
the pioneer church of Whitehall, the First Congregational will ever hold a bright place in the hearts and memories of the people of White Lake and vicinity. MRS. J. T. MOORE.

It was in the year 1853 when the first organization of the M. E. Church, of Whitehall, was formed at the Mouth of White River, through the labors of W. C. Ceruford. It consisted of seven members. The first quarterly meeting was conducted by the Rev. H. Penfield, called the

from the year 1877 to 1880 and twenty one new members were received into the church. Rev. O. B. Walters was pastor during the year 1880 and the parsonage at the corner of Spring and Livingston streets was purchased during that year at a cost of \$700.

The Rev. Bartlett was pastor from 1881 to 1883 and was followed by the Rev. R. Lewis who received a salary of eight hundred dollars per year. The next three years Rev. W. T. Beale was pastor, the church receiving new growth,

year 1892. Rev. O. B. Thurston next served as pastor for the following two years, followed by the Rev. Preston for one year. Rev. J. E. Smith was pastor from 1895 to 1897, followed by the present pastor, S. E. Lynd. Already eighteen new members have been received into the church during the latter's pastorate. The Y. P. S. C. E. and the Sunday School are both in a flourishing condition, a number have been received into the church through their influence, and the funds for an annex or church parlors have been practically raised. As



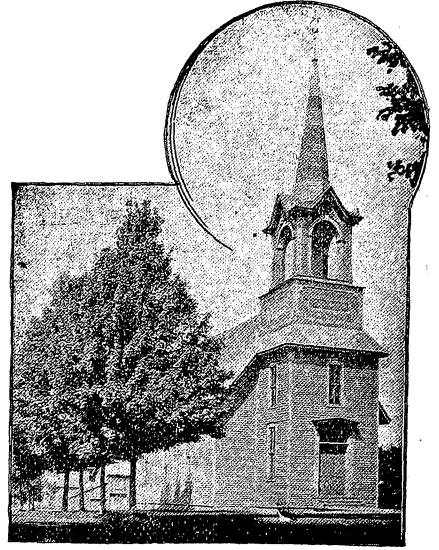
MONTAGUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Talmage Circuit, at White River.

In September 1858, White River Circuit, including White River, Goodrich's, Gee's, Claybanks, and Muskegon, was organized. The Rev. L. M. Bennett was the first pastor appointed at a salary of three hundred thirty dollars per year. At the first Quarterly Conference there was but one Sabbath School, two teachers and twenty-three scholars. At the close of the year there were three Sabbath schools, eighty scholars, with three hundred forty volumes in the library. The work has gone on steadily increasing from that time. Different branches were organized. The First Quarterly Meeting was held at Whitehall, (a small collection of houses called Mears village) in the Spring of 1860, with Hiram E. Staples, as steward, and class leader. During the next two years the membership increased from 16 to 90 members.

The pastor resided in a small parsonage at the Mouth; but in the years 1866 and 1867, the Rev. G. C. Draper being then pastor, the parsonage was sold and a small house was bought for that purpose at the corner of Slocum and Elizabeth streets, Whitehall.

In 1873 Whitehall was placed at the head of the circuit with Rev. Chas. Chick as pastor and it was during his pastorate that the first M. E. Church was built at a cost of \$2,700, and a new parsonage was erected on the site of the old one. In the Winters of 1883 and 1884, the Rev. J. C. Floyd, who was then pastor, was assisted by the Rev. J. C. Higgins, an evangelist, and fifty members were received in the church as a result of their labors. In 1887 it was found necessary to build an addition to the church 25x35 with a number of other improvements. During the year 1892 a larger and finer parsonage was bought at the corner of Mears Ave. and Spring St.

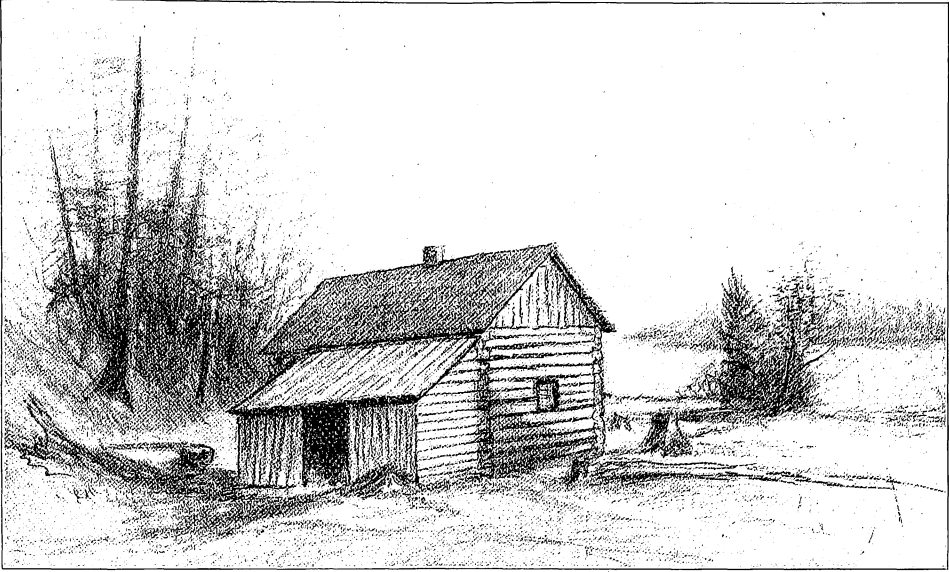


WHITEHALL BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Rev. Hoag is the present pastor, and the church with its various societies is in a flourishing condition.

In the year 1863, Nov. 7th, a meeting was held in the village of Mears, Muskegon county, Mich., for the purpose of organizing a Baptist Church. Rev. I. F. Fay was chosen moderator, and Moody Firman, clerk. A church was organized with seven members to be known as the First Regular Baptist Church, of White Lake. Meetings were held at the homes of the members for some time. After a while they were held in the school house, Rev. Fay preaching.

In the year 1871 the school house was closed for religious meetings, and they were held in Hobler's Hall. In 1875 the present house of worship was commenced but was not completed until 1883. At present there are no English speaking services. The Swedish Baptists have meetings during the Summer months, conducted by students from Morgan Park, Chicago.



WHITEHALL'S FIRST CHURCH.

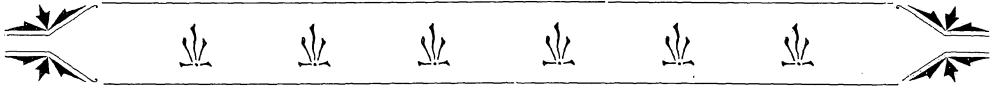
The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Libanon Congregation, of the Evangelical Lutheran Illinois Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod, was organized on the sixth day of January, 1872, when the constitution for congregations of the Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod was adopted. The parsonage building was erected in 1874 and the church building was erected in 1877. The first of January, 1875, there were 140 communicants and January, 1895, 276 communicants and 440 members. The first pastor was Rev. N. A. Youngberg, for three years; the second, Rev. O. Chilleen, for fifteen years; the third, Rev. N. J. Lundahl, for three years; and the present pastor is Rev. P. A. Carlson, since Oct. 5th, '94.

We have been unable to secure data regarding the other churches of Whitehall, and those of Montague, suffice to say they are all upheld by earnest Christian congregations who are doing

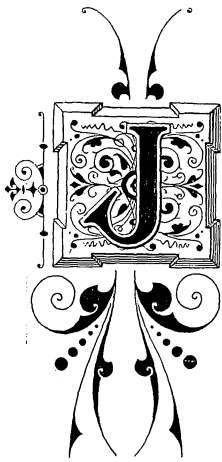
all in their power to extend the blessed influence of the gospel among their fellow-men. Besides those mentioned Whitehall has a Church of the Redeemer, Wesleyan Methodist, Norwegian Lutheran, and Swedish Mission.

Montague has besides the Presbyterian Church, above illustrated, the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently destroyed by fire, but now being replaced by a handsome new brick edifice; the Catholic Church which was first started in Whitehall but was afterwards removed to Montague to be nearer the members of its congregation; the German Lutheran and the German Methodist churches which have a large following among that nationality.

All about us are pretty little country churches with devout congregations, and on the whole this community may be congratulated upon the rapid development of its church societies and the benign influence they wield in the affairs of life.



## The Covells.    ©    ©    ©



JAMES Covell and family moved to Bradford County, Pennsylvania in the year 1817. His son Calvin was then seven years old and for the remainder of his life he knew no other home. He married and was the father of twelve children. In 1856 the eldest son, Andrew Jackson, tired of farming and having some knowledge of lumbering, started for the West. He first went to Chicago and from there took a boat to Muskegon. As he stood on the deck and viewed the sand banks of Muskegon harbor he thought he was enroute for Greenland and nearing its icy mountains. He worked in Muskegon until Fall when he came to White Lake and obtained work at Brown's mill now known as the Water Mill. When he first began work there was no need of men at the mill so he was set to digging potatoes not much larger than a marble. This was worse than he was accustomed to at home.

Three years later Lyman came and together with two others they began lumbering in a small way. Their united capital was so small that one of the party was bought out by the others for a rifle. In January, 1862, their brother-in-law, Joseph Hinchman, came. He was accompanied by their sister Rebecca, now Mrs. H. E. Staples. At Muskegon

there was no conveyance to be had so Mr. Hinchman came on foot through an almost pathless forest. On his arrival the brothers went to Muskegon for their sister with a sleigh.

In May, Mrs. Hinchman and children came and in December, Charles E. followed. There is an old superstition that if you wet your feet in White Lake you will never leave its banks. To make sure of this charm, C. E., soon after arriving went skating, fell through the ice and got wet all over. Augusta, now Mrs. John C. Lewis, came in August, 1867; W. D., in 1868, and Mark B., in 1871. They all married and made their homes in Whitehall.

A. J. Covell died in April, 1885. His wife, now Mrs. Hambrook, and son reside in Los Angeles, California.

Joseph Hinchman died in 1887 and two years later was followed by his wife, leaving two children, Mrs. C. A. Ocobock, who lives in Whitehall, and Edwin Hinchman, of Berryville, Arkansas.

In 1891, Mary, wife of M. B. Covell, died. He has since married Miss Mamie Wilson and they have two bright little daughters.

Calvin T., son of Charles and Jessie Covell, died in April, 1894. They have one more son and three daughters.

John C. Lewis died in November, '94, leaving a widow and three daughters.

Lyman has two sons who are both married. W. D. has seven children, and Rebecca two sons, one being married.

This family has long been and still is closely associated socially, politically and officially with the leading interests of Whitehall.





ANDREW JACKSON COVELL.

**T**HIS was the eldest of the Covell brothers. He was born at Ridgebury Township, Bradford Co., Penn., July 18th, 1833, and died at Whitehall, April 21st, 1885. October 22nd, 1867, at Huntley, Ill., he married Eunice S. Parsons, now Mrs. E. Covell Hambrook, of Los Angeles, Cal., and one son, Charles T. Covell, survives him.

"Jack," as he was familiarly called, is really Whitehall's patron saint. With a heart as big as his capacity to give aid, he was the friend and helper of every man who sought to help himself. Far above narrowness and bigotry, he believed in the principle of "Live and Let Live," and his death in the prime of life was an irreparable blow to the interests of the community.

# Whitehall's First-born.    ©    ©    ©

MARGARET THOMPSON GREEN, CHICAGO.



AIR CITY, kindly listen while I sing  
A greeting song, thy daughter's serenade;  
Accept with love my grateful offering—  
Bury short-comings with forgiving spade.  
I was the first *white* baby born to you;  
Pray, did you take your whiteness name from me?  
No doubt a pole tax was your honest due,  
This tax was paid in childish purity.

You're young in years I know and so am I.  
You have few wrinkles, I confess to none.  
Of lumber yards you have a large supply,  
I'm proud of mine although I have but one.

You have no regal castles, nor have I;  
No Spanish throne, no sceptre, king or queen.  
These all are baubles. Lumber dry and high  
I find will keep my name and laurels Green.

The red man built his wigwam long ago,  
Beside your lake where now your children sail,  
Paddled his light canoe where now you row;  
Palefaces blazed highways by red man's trail.

As I was born much later than the town,  
I cannot quite remember when it came;  
The first inhabitant was Indian Brown;  
Next Smith, Jones, Green, each unfamiliar name.

They made their claims as others' claims are made,  
At least I think that's what I have been told;  
They came and went, but Whitehall came and stayed  
And gathered other white folk to the fold.

I emigrated—yes some time ago—  
And changed my name, this also I confess;  
As tides of ocean often ebb and flow  
I come and go, nor love my birth-place less.

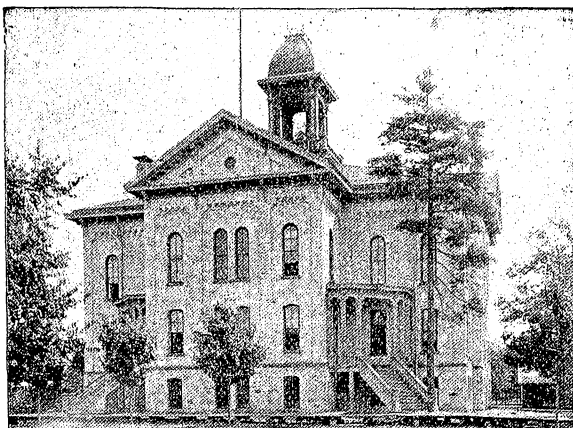
There's sorrow here as well as elsewhere,  
There's cruel hatred, enmity and strife;  
But God be thanked there's also love and pray'r,  
The golden gateway to the higher life.

The Past has been recorded—let it be,—  
The Future lies before thee white as snow—  
For sow the seeds of love and harmony  
And learn how rapidly they spring and grow.

Go scatter love so thick beside the way  
That taxes of discord wither, starve and die;  
Let Joy and Gladness clear the stony way—  
The sunshine and the rain God will supply.

# The Schools.    ©    ©    ©

F. J. HENDERSHOT.



WHITEHALL PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

## THE FIRST SCHOOL.

**T**IS the crowning glory of our early civilization that, however poor a community may have been, schools were provided and sustained. The history of the schools is a vital part of the history of the people. A good school is one of the great uplifting, inspiring, civilizing influences in a community. Never was this truth more deeply realized than in the pioneer days when little bands of people struggled to overcome the wilds of nature; when, with almost pathetic interest, the log school house was built in the midst of the log dwellings; when with open-mouthed wonder the children were wont to listen to some interesting tale by the teacher, who inspired with awe the hearts of his little hearers.

In all written biographies there is one thing strikingly common—each person “was born,” the very day and data having been duly recorded by the biographer. It is to be lamented that such exactness cannot be followed in this narrative; suffice it to say that the first school in this vicinity of which anything is known was held during the Winter of 1856, in the house of a Rev. Bennett, a Methodist minister who lived at the Mouth (of the lake). The minister’s wife was the teacher. The following year a school house was provided, and the school was taught by Mrs. Bennett’s sister. In 1858, Mary Ann Haseltine took charge of the school. She died during the year, and Amy Brown completed the term. “Aunt Polly” Allen taught in 1859, and Phoebe Clark in 1860. The exact length of the school terms during these years has not been determined.

In 1861 the first school was opened in the village of Whitehall. After the country had been scoured to find ten pupils, so as to draw public money, a room was secured over a vacant store just West of the present location of Andrews' livery, and Miss Ellen Foley was engaged as teacher. The same room was afterwards used for the Good Templar's hall and for church services. The next year the school was held in a log house which J. D. Hanson had built on the bank for a dwelling about ten years previous. Miss Vanna Griswold, of Flint, a cousin of Mrs. A. Mears, taught in this building two Summers.

---

#### A STRANGE VISITOR.

While Miss Griswold was teacher the school was the recipient of a very unusual visit. The strange visitor had worked its sinuous way through a hole between the logs, and was gazing quietly upon the busy little school; when the teacher happened to glance in that direction her gaze fell upon the form of a magnificent blue-racer. Ten feet, or less, of it was already in the room, with evidently more to follow. History does not state just how the teacher acted the few succeeding minutes, but if the reader will allow his imagination to play freely and recall how a woman ordinarily acts under such exciting circumstances, he may be able to create quite an interesting picture. The teacher may have thought of Eve, but probably did not say much; neither did she hear the snake say anything, nor did she dispute its right of possession. She merely sent for her brother. She felt a crying need of man just then. When this fact dawned upon the intellect of the snake, it, feeling the better part of valor to be discretion, began to back out. It is well to note this fact, although there is no

positive knowledge that the cause of the snake's departure may not have been the scholastic dignity of its surroundings, or even the fact that there were no apples to offer the woman. History does state, however, that when the man appeared the blue-racer was nowhere to be seen, and that no great snakes have ever been found in the school since.

In the Winter of 1864, the public money having been used, the school closed. A private school, was opened, however, and taught by Mrs. Adsit. In the Spring of 1864, a small building was secured near the present location of N. Ferner's house, in the midst of oak grubs. The only path leading to the house was obstructed by a large log, over which all who would enter must climb. Miss Phoebe Clark, now Mrs. Moses Hall, of Fremont, was teacher. This building was also used for Church and Sunday School services.

---

#### THE WHITE SCHOOL HOUSE.

That Summer Mr. Giles Slocum gave to the district the two lots on the Southeast corner of Division and Slocum streets and the White School House was built thereon. The building would accommodate about fifty pupils, and was crowded the first term. A brother of Rev. I. R. A. Weightman taught during the Winter of '64 and '65, and Miss Mary J. Sturtevant, the next Summer. Among the pupils who attended the first term were J. C. Lewis, C. E. Covell, C. A. Ocobock, Ellen Carleton, Rhoda Clark, and others well known in this vicinity.

In the Winter of '65 and '66, Miss Hetty Griswold, a cousin of Mrs. A. Mears, taught the school, and was succeeded by Nettie Buck the next Summer. The boys were pretty large by this time and made things so interest-

ing that the district fathers concluded to hire a man. They secured a Mr. Scott and directed him to teach the school and keep order. Tradition states that he faithfully executed his commission without doing the same to any of the boys. It is to be understood that none of the boys named in this history needed any such strict discipline; it was only the unnamed ones.

#### THE BROWN SCHOOL HOUSE.

In 1867 the Brown School House, now Skeel's bakery, was built. W. D. Southworth was secured as teacher in this building, while Mrs. Fannie Scutt taught in the White. The pupils did not seem to like the new house. The windows were so high that only the tallest could see out unless they stood upon the desks. In the Spring E. W. Hall succeeded Mr. Southworth.

The next Fall, 1868, A. C. Ellsworth taught in the Brown School and Mrs. Scutt in the White. The former enrolled seventy-five pupils; the latter, ninety. That Winter there were so many pupils that an office, on the site of the barn opposite Charles Johnson's, was secured of A. D. Hopkins for school purposes. The building burned during school hours and a room was secured over Ellis' barber shop. Miss Morrison was teacher.

#### THE SCHOOL ORGANIZED.

In 1869 the Brown House was raised a story and the school was organized into Primary, Grammar, and High School departments. Mr. Ellsworth was retained as principal, Mrs. Ellsworth was secured as primary teacher, and Jennie Yerké as grammar school teacher. The next Summer the White School was raised a story. Messrs. Hayes and Dowling were principals. An account of this period has been most happily writ-

ten by J. J. Gee. The article appears elsewhere in this work.

The next principal was G. L. Miner, who continued in that capacity until the close of the Fall term, 1874. Mr. Miner enjoyed the distinction of being the highest salaried principal the schools have had. His salary was \$140 per month. He was succeeded by A. C. Martin who completed the school year. The following year F. N. Hagar was principal.

#### THE NEW BRICK SCHOOL.

In 1876, A. W. Slayton was elected to the principalship of the schools. He soon began to plan for a new building. The building was commenced the following year and was completed in 1878. The building is two stories above the basement, and at that time six school rooms were provided, four on the first floor, two on the second. On the upper floor, was also a large hall, which has since been fitted for the High School. Two additional rooms have been made in the basement to meet the requirements of the growing school. The janitor has his home in the basement. The building is conveniently arranged, is well lighted and commodious. The walls of the different rooms are adorned with pictures to the value of over three hundred dollars. Mr. Slayton purchased most of these at his own expense, and afterwards sold them to the district. He took great pride and interest in the school, and gave to it eleven of the best years of his life.

#### THE WORLD LOSES A SCIENTIST.

It was during Mr. Slayton's time that a scientist was lost to the world. Among the pupils there was a young man who was especially fond of animal life. He would play with toads, turtles, and

snakes, and took delight in watching them in their haunts. But no one encouraged him in his desire to learn of these creatures. In fact discouragements were thrown in his way.

It occurred to this young man one day that it would be a fine thing to surprise his teacher. So he took a frog, and put it under the teacher's bell, with the frog headed towards the teacher. In the course of time the latter raised the bell from the desk, and the frog jumped lustily toward her. She screamed and —fainted. The boy received a whipping—just what he expected. At another time he put a little garter snake on the floor during an examination. Pretty soon a girl sighted the little fellow crawling along, and with a scream she bounded to the top of her desk. The other girls executed the same style of gymnastics, both vocal and physical, while the teacher followed suit. As soon as the boys saw what was the cause of so much "uppishness" they engaged in a lively scramble after the snake. The harmless little fellow was soon dispatched, and quiet retored. The boy—well, no one understood him, and he was obliged to leave school.

#### THE COURSE OF STUDY EXTENDED.

C. M. McLean became superintendent in 1887, and remained five years. The school course was extended to twelve grades. In 1890 a commercial department was added and continued during the Winter term for two years. E. M. Sly was chosen instructor.

In 1892, J. J. Bronson was elected principal. Under his direction the Kindergarten was fully organized. One grade was removed to the Baptist church. The next year F. J. Hender-shot was elected Superintendent which position he still holds. The Kinder-

garten was discontinued in 1895, owing to the financial panic of that time.

The school provides a strong English course, with two years of Latin for any who wish it. It ranks among the best village schools of the State, and enjoys the distinction of being on the list of approved schools affiliated with the State Normal College.

#### GRADUATES

The first graduate was Maggie E. Thompson, 1877. There have been in all one hundred eight graduates down to and including class of 1897. Fifty-four of these belong to the last five classes. The largest class was that of 1896, which numbered thirteen. Of these graduates sixteen have been regular teachers in the school and four others have been assistants in the primary department. A strong alumni association was organized in 1897.

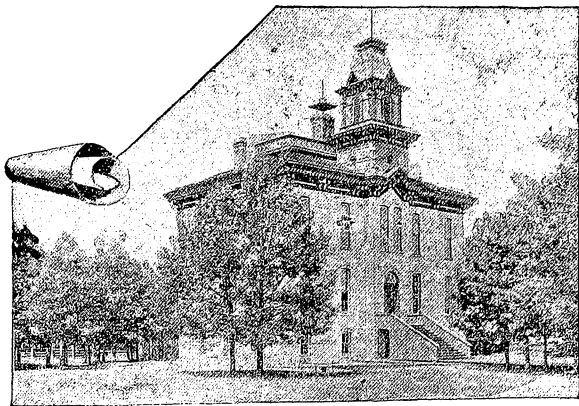
#### TEACHERS.

Since 1874 there have been eighty teachers other than principals. Of these seventy-five have been regular teachers; five primary or kindergarten assistants. Twenty three taught less than one year; twelve, one year; eighteen, two years; eleven, three years; five, five years; and four, more than five years. Those who taught five years are Vena Grunzel, Lillian Eadus, Alice E. Ring, Mae Daggett, Dove M. Flinn. Sophie Chick, taught seven years; Carrie Baker, six; Lillie Ruggles, five and a term; Jennie Ford, six and a term.

In 1874 there were only three teachers besides the principal. One more was added in the spring of 1878, another in 1879; one in 1884, another in spring of 1885; one in spring of 1888, and another in 1890. At present there are nine assistant teachers.

# Montague's School System.    ©    ©    ©

II. H. TERWILLIGER.



MONTAGUE HIGH SCHOOL.

**O**F the early history of the Montague public schools we have found it difficult to obtain reliable data. The records in the hands of the present Director begin June 2d, 1876, with D. C. Bowen, S. H. Lasley, A. F. Temple, B. F. Murden, Malcolm Hendrie and Martin Dodge as the Board of Trustees. The present central building had been completed a year or two previous to this, and it is well known that public school had been held for several years before the construction of that building in the building which now serves as the German Methodist church, which was purchased from the school district by the church society and remodeled for their use as a house of worship. From a copy of the Montague Syndicate, the first newspaper published here, dated December 16th, 1871, we learn that the land where the village stands was located twenty-one years be-

fore that date by Nathan Sargent, that George Franklin and Benj. Farrington bought it in 1856; that Maj. Noah H. Ferry and the Knudsen brothers settled here in 1858 when Maj. Ferry began operations that promised rapid development of the rich resources of the locality: that the enterprises were interrupted by the war, Maj. Ferry going to the front with Company F., 5th Michigan Cavalry, and gloriously yielding up his life on the field of Gettysburg; that the village of Montague was located and platted in 1865, and that the construction of the new Government channel and piers and the rapid extension of local improvements followed; but not a word do we find in this paper about schools, although old settlers inform us that schools were introduced as early as there were children to be taught. It is supposed the early records were destroyed in one of the many destructive fires which at different times wrought general havoc in the new town.

Among the teachers engaged in Mon-

tague in the sixties are remembered Harry B. Strong and Pauline Fish. Later came successively C. L. Rarden, D. R. Higbee, Wm. Honey, C. W. Borst, J. B. Estabrook, J. C. Bryant, W. R. Moss, Lucy Angel, J. E. Farnham, D. A. Teller and J. W. Chapman as principals.

Of those who have been most prominently connected with the Board of late years may be mentioned J. D. Wilson, who served twelve years, retiring in 1894; Thomas J. McKinstry, who is just completing his fifteenth year of service, and H. H. Terwilliger, who has been Director since 1887 and is still serving in that capacity.

The central school building was erected in 1875, at a cost of about \$17,000 of which \$11,000 was borrowed at ten per cent. interest, which rate of interest was paid for five years before any of the principal was due. The last of this debt was paid in 1887. In 1884 the North hill school building was constructed at a cost of about \$4,000, of which \$3,650 was borrowed at seven per cent., the last of which was paid in 1891. Montague has always endeavored to have the best educational facilities for her youth, and if she has not had the best it is safe to say it has not been because she has not been willing to expend the proper amount of money. Taking the cost of her buildings and grounds, the interest paid on the bonds, and the salaries and expenses paid in the maintenance of her scholars, Montague must be credited with liberality fully commensurate with her duty. That there has been at times extravagance in expenditure is patent. Ten per cent. was a ruinous and extortionate rate of interest to pay on such

paper even in the high price times of the early seventies. Six hundred dollars was paid for the central school site, and two hundred and fifty dollars for the North hill site—prices which seem fabulous in comparison with present values. But we are now out of debt and are operating two schools with eight teachers at lower cost than was paid for one school and six teachers in 1884. The increase of school population accompanied by decrease of taxable values results in a cancellation of the benefits of freedom from debt burdens, yet we shall maintain the excellence of our schools, and shall make them as efficient as possible, realizing that "The common schools are the nurseries of the nation," and recognizing that good schooling is the best provision we can make for our children. The curriculum of the Montague schools embraces all the branches usually taught in the graded schools of Michigan villages. The subject of vocal music by special teacher was introduced several years ago with gratifying results, and is now recognized as a very interesting feature. Non-resident pupils are admitted to the high school at \$1 per month tuition. Text books are furnished free to all pupils. A class of ten was graduated this year. The plans for the future contemplate improvement and progress in the advancement of the schools to a higher plane than they have heretofore attained. Prof. Charles H. Burgess and wife, of Williamston, Mich., able and accomplished educators, are to teach the high school next year; and a full corps of grade teachers of experience and talent have been selected with wise forethought for the success of the work.





## Our School Days.    ©    ©    ©

J. J. GEE.

**G**RADE work in our schools was introduced by A. C. Ellsworth about 1869. Mr. Ellsworth was a small, nervous man who moved about the school room without touching his heels to the floor to keep order. His government while fair would have been better if his ears could have helped his eyes in detecting mischief. The high school building was the one now occupied by D. Skeels as a bakery, and stood on the corner of Slocum and Division sts. His oldest pupil was guileless Fred Nufer who had a wife and little Nufer at home. Fred had to study out loud in order to keep his mind on the lesson. In the primary department was M. A. Grant, age 30, as baldheaded then as now.

We had literary exercises in those early days and some funny incidents. A young gentleman, excelling in declamation and very attentive to the ladies, attempted to recite Saxe's poem, "The Superfluous Man" and began as follows:

"I have often been puzzled to guess  
And thus I have often said,  
What the reason could really be  
That I never have happened to wed  
Although I love the girls—"

to save his life he could not think of the next word. He stopped, looked around, began to blush, hoping to save himself he started in on the last line again with—

"Although I love the girls—"

and stopped again. By this time the girls were all laughing and the speaker in confusion took his seat.

Good natured George Ocobock, was a pupil and "Gene" Harwood knew how to keep him laughing. George was caught eating an apple and was sent out of the room to throw it away. On reaching the hall his appetite got the

better of him and he filled his spacious mouth with all but the core. As he entered the room, "Gene" saw what he had done and gave George a wink that made him explode with laughter shooting the apple in all directions.

Prof. Ellsworth did good work. He was followed by Prof. Dowling, a man of about fifty, slow of speech, kind and thoughtful. He moved about the room in slippered feet with the stillness of a cat and always wore a pepper and salt suit. He was a splendid mathematician and a reader of rare ability.

Maggie Thompson was one of his brightest pupils and Will Whitman, the most mischievous. He was honored with a chair by himself near the teacher's desk, and while he was seldom caught studying, his lessons were most always perfect. Dr. Don Marvin, of Grand Rapids, a great big, good natured, lazy student, gave little promise of the success that awaited him as a physician. Dowling stayed one year and was followed by Prof. Hagan, young, fresh and tender, just from college, finely educated, always in earnest and never knew when the young ladies made fun of him. He came and went a single man.

Next came Prof. Miner, a man of energy, alert, active, nervous, with keen black eyes that saw everything. A fine disciplinarian, a thoroughly wide-a-wake teacher, he came single and went double.

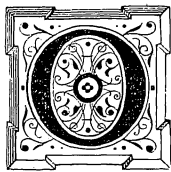
After a Mr. Martin whom we did not know, came Prof. Slayton, a father to the fatherless and a mother to the motherless, who never spared himself but worked early and late for the progress of our school, being largely instrumental in bringing it to the high state of excellence it has since enjoyed.



MR. AND MRS. ASA W. SLAYTON.

## Early Outings.    ©    ©    ©

A. W. SLAYTON.



OF my school work in Whitehall, others may speak not I. Only this can I say, my labors as Principal of the Schools began in September, 1876, and ended in June 1887, thirty-three consecutive terms and away only two days when called to be at the death-bed of my mother. I began with 4 rooms and 3 assistants, and ended with 8 rooms and 7 assistants; but the increase in numbers was not my fault; my last graduate was Cora Hinman who began in the infant class the term I first posed as teacher in Whitehall. Credit should be given to

Miss Maggie Thompson as the first one to complete the prescribed course and to graduate in June '77. Let me just say that all of my assistants were good teachers, and all of my pupils were good children.

Soon after Thanksgiving 1876, it began snowing, and of the 60 following days 57 were stormy, so the Episcopal minister said, I have not time to count; I only know that I wielded the snowshovel much more than I did the ferule. The following February was without a cloud. The next Dec. was mild and pleasant, and New Years day the 'bus came over from Montague loaded with

young chaps clad in linen coats and straw hats, perched under parasols, and vigorously fanning themselves with palm leaves.

Now for the picnicing. In 1877 our S. S. had their annual outing a day in Crabb's Grove. Ju'y 4th 1878, we chartered a tug and went to the Mouth, landed on the pier, went up the hill back of the light house and had a lap dinner, and returned home at night pleased with the trip. A few weeks later occurred the first family picnic that my family helped about. As I recall the families there were those of Mr. A. C. Ellsworth, Dr. Johnson, Elder Seaver, Mr. Hedges, Mr. Norman, Mr. Nearpass, Mr. Carleton and perhaps others. We rode down on the Charlotte Gray, and landed near where the dock is now, by running the bow of the boat up into the sand, there two of us men waded ashore, gathered loose plank, rolled a log or two into the water, and soon had all safely landed. Boards were gathered and a table made on the left hand side where the road up the valley first cuts through the bank, a fire was kindled, the cloth was spread, and after grace good appetites enjoyed their first picnic dinner in the grove. After resting, and stretching, and yawning, and visiting awhile, we picked our way through the bushes over to the big lake. There we gathered some edgings, stuck four in the sand at the foot of the bluff, tied cross pieces above to which we pinned one edge of the ladies' shawls, thus making an elegant dressing room for the feminines, for people have no eyes in the top of their heads. Then we masculines retired to the privacy of the further side of a dense willow bush, and having undonned our broadcloth and donned our bathing overalls and undershirts, we all, without introductions, assembled in the

water for a spatter and a splash, and a duck and a dive, and a scream and a swim, and a flounder and a float on improvised rafts, such as mortal never knew the like before. The temperature of air and water was just perfection, and when we reluctantly returned to earthly habits, we found that two hours had passed beyond our catching them again. We got home but never forgot that day.

The new school house was being built the Summer of '79, and I was building my house and was busy.

In the Spring of 1880 Mr. I. M. Weston, who then owned the land between the lakes, had a clearing made on the bluff on the East side and erected a pavillion there and tables for the convenience of pleasure seekers, especially dancing parties. This has been moved down near the landing and is now the waiting room. He also had piles driven and some edgings piled in for a pier at the end of the road as it comes down from the woods. That year was started the regular weekly picnics, or "Wednesday picnics," which with each succeeding one increased in numbers attending and in enjoyment. Mr. Weston had a stairway built down the West bluff, and the shed-roof bath house. As all of us picnickers preferred the big lake side, we had gathered boards on the beach, built tables near where Mr. L. T. Covell's cottage now is, also seats and a sloping walk down the face of the bluff, that being much easier than stairs. Our number soon increased to 40 or 50, and the little Charlotte Gray was taxed to her utmost to carry us, and we men would wink and sit very light on our seats, and when the captain would sometimes stop on the return trip and take on a gang of dock-wallopers and start out telling us all to sit still, I had to

watch Mr. Covell pretty close so he would not get out and go on afoot. It was generally agreed that we must have a bigger boat next year.

In 1881 the Magnet came from Pentwater to run on White Lake as a ferry; before September came we often made her a full load. We had heard that the edgings had all washed out of our landing place, and we were planning for a big picnic the 4th; so three days previously my family went down to prospect and found only the piles left, and about ten feet apart was too long for steps. Clad in bathing suits, Victor and I easily measured the distance out to deep water. Next day the mill men of Whitehall soon contributed plank and timber, and the hardware men spikes; we got all loaded on a scow at noon of the 3d, and the Magnet towed us down. With three men to help me we built a platform 16 feet square at the edge of deep water to land on, and then laid a walk 5 feet wide toward the shore. The whole length was 220 feet and darkness caught us half way there. Next morning Dallas Johnson and I hurried down on the early boat, and before the last plank was in place three boats all loaded with picnickers were pointing for our plank pier.

Heretofore we had carried drinking water with us from Whitehall or had procured it at the lighthouse. This year, I think it was, Mr. Weston had a drive well sunk at the foot of the bank at the right hand side of the road. Water was found at 117 or 118 feet down, and it flowed a  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch stream of good water for two or three years until the pipe became clogged, and in an effort to repair it was pulled apart and abandoned. Our plank pier survived the Winter and with some repairing served us the season of 1882. We took up a collection, bought

a second-hand stove and located it beside a stump in our sky-covered kitchen. The Magnet served us well, although there was a "Rival" on the route, and 50 to 75 was the usual number at our weekly and often semi-weekly outings. If anyone ever went home unhappy or dissatisfied with the day's pastime, I never heard of it.

In the Spring of 1883 the ice swept away our pier completely leaving only 3 or 4 leaning piles to mark its locality. The Myrtle McClure came from Grand Haven to run on White Lake; and the Rival also was a lively name-sake. After my school work had ended for the year, I went around with a paper one day and soon had \$137 subscribed in lumber, work and money, mostly in Whitehall, and invitations to come for more if needed. I next engaged the McClure to do our towing, hired a pile-driver with its crew, also a man to help me hunt logs for piles, and next day we anchored under the eastern bluff. With the small boat we had borrowed to hunt piles in, we sounded along and soon found by going a little further South that deep water was much nearer the shore. The pile-driver began puffing, and so did the rest of us and by the next day noon, two lines of piles reaching out to 12 feet of water were completed. Next, an idle old scow was secured—but it was not secure as we soon learned—taken to a mill, loaded with edgings, towed down one night, and next morning when we got there to unload it we found it sunk to the bottom. Dallas Johnson had been engaged to help me. He went to the Mouth for more help and I to Green's old mill, and before night we had the edgings piled into our infant pier where they ought to be, and the water baled and pumped back into the lake where it ought to stay, and our

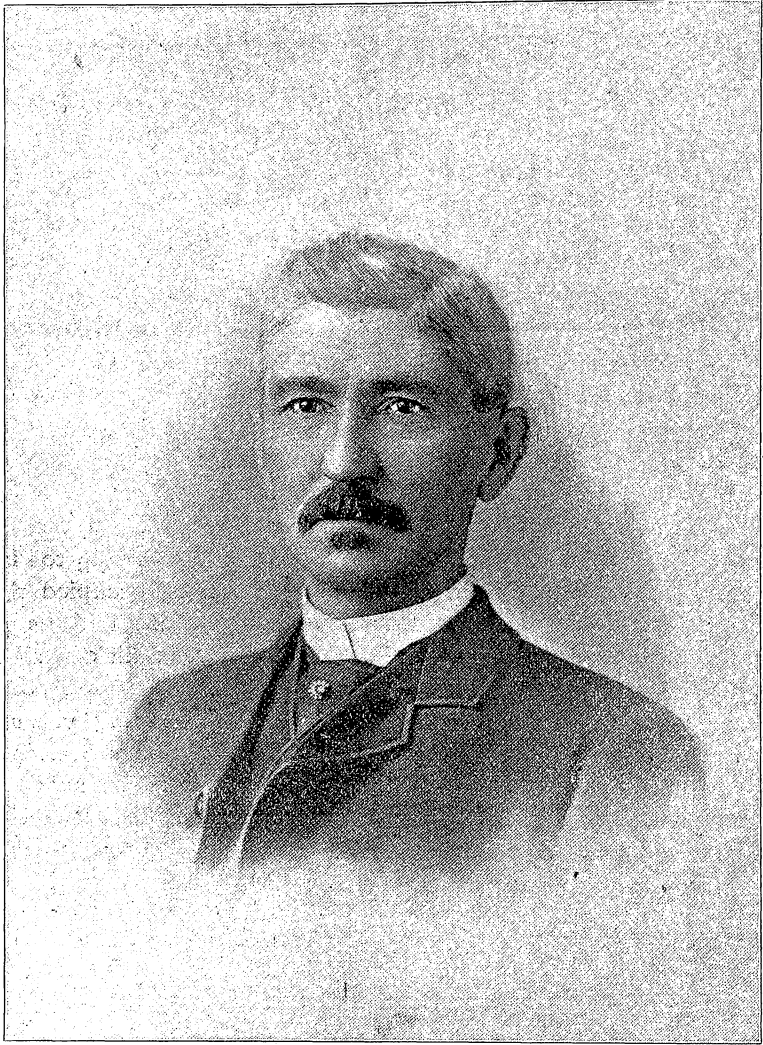
scow towed back for another load. Thereafter we had it loaded in the forenoon and unloaded in the afternoon if we could. Mr. Weston, then living at the Rapids, had given us permission to make any useful improvements we thought best. Well diggers were engaged and they dug and curbed a well up in the valley finding plenty of good water at 14 feet. Mr. K. F. Morse gave us a pump, and lugging drink-water from town was no longer a virtue. While waiting for edgings, Mr. Johnson and I would cut and burn brush and logs, and, in time, had the lake front of the South bluff inhabitable. While we were loading plank at the New York mill, Mr. Alley shouted to us: "Take all the plank you want; never mind counting." Picnicing had begun as soon as parties could land on the edgings, and about the first of August the pier was completed, timbered and planked from end to end 159 feet. We had also built a plank walk with hand-rail down the West bluff. Every cent received had been expended, and I had added 31 happy days work of my own.

While the rides up and down White Lake were always enjoyed, people began to think that the nights might be pleasant at the "Resort" as well as the days. Cottages were talked about, and presently Messrs. Staples, Covell, Phelps, Nourse and myself caused the same old scow to be loaded with building material and while we slept she played the same old trick on us again by sinking at the dock back of the Covell shingle mill. She was unloaded till her upper edge rose above water, then pumped out, reloaded, towed down and unloaded before she could dive again. A team was taken around through the sand hills to haul the lumber up from the new pier; and Mr. Nourse by hiring help was the

first to have a roof there beneath the sky, and to occupy his lake-side home with his family. Our stove had been stolen the previous Winter and another was taken down when work first began. More cottages were built the next year, 1884; the Cayuga came round from Detroit to stay in our lake, many lived at the resort, picnics decreased in size but increased in numbers. My own family would go down Tuesday morning, return home Saturday night for church Sunday and pick-up-day Monday, and back to the cottage again at night or early Tuesday morning. All the ferry boats then ran down the old channel to the end, and a most picturesque trip it made for us. Visiting, reading, bathing straying to Pigeon top or the sand hills, occupied the days; the evenings would find us gathered around campfires built of driftwood on the beach, parching green corn, roasting potatoes, spinning yarns, acting charades, singing songs, guessing riddles, listening to recitations, and when at last the fires burned low, a good night hymn would send us to our slumbers. Happy times! Pleasant place!

I once asked a Pottawattamie Indian who could talk very good English, what their name for White Lake was. He pointed to the lake and said, "Wab-a-gun-na-gee Skee-boo-goo Nee-bis." And then he explained that the first two words meant clay-washed, making the motions of washing his hands as he told it, and that Nee-bis meant lake. I spoke of the Clay Banks near the mouth of the old channel, and he said "Yes! yes!"

To show the change of water level in the lakes, I will say that when I built our boat house, July, 1887 the front sill was bedded in the water  $\frac{2}{3}$  its depth, leaving the water within 2 inches of the floor. All can see where the water is now.



**G**EORGE E. DOWLING was one of Montague's most famed citizens. Born in Canada, Feb. 26, 1839, he was brought to Michigan when an infant. He came to White River in the employ of the Ferry interests as early as 1857, but in 1858 got the gold fever and went to California, returning, however, in 1859 and becoming closely

connected with the lumbering interests of this locality. He was a reserved business man, but a firm friend. His later years were passed looking after his banking interests, constructing the beautiful retreat which he named "Buttermilk Springs," and performing his Masonic duties, of which order he became Grand Master in 1893. He died at Montague, March 30, 1896, and his remains repose in the cemetery of that place.

## Linderman Recollections.    ©    ©    ©

A. T. LINDERMAN, EAU CLAIRE, WIS.



WE moved to Whitehall in August, 1875, with our three children, Winnifred, Gertrude and Arthur, and Leone was added to our family in 1881.

There were 14 saw mills on White Lake and all the bustle and business that naturally followed their operation.

There is an old saying that "a prophet is not without renown save in his own Country," and it is likely that this is true of places as well as people and explains how much more, from away, one seems to appreciate White Lake and its surroundings as the beautiful Gem set in the liquid border of Grand old Lake Michigan's crown.

As memory drifts back to these times, reminiscences crowd so thickly that the drift becomes a jam. The dancing parties at Foster's Hall which no one enjoyed better than Uncle John Widoe. Frank Sturtevant who was never so happy as when perpetrating some practical joke like selling a horse to a fellow for \$250, warranted to trot a mile in three minutes, and when the man came back the next day and declared that, after repeated and earnest trials, and he had his witnesses to prove it, the very best the horse could do was four minutes, Frank simply said, as he paid him back his money: "You must be in an awful hurry if you couldn't wait a minute."

The night when Foster's Hall and a great share of the town burned, and the writer rushed into his factory in the dark

after some water pails. Meanwhile the dead body of a man had been brought from a burning building on a stretcher and set in front of the factory door. Coming out with lots of pails and haste we all went down together, the sheet from the dead man covering me instead of him for a moment; the dead man's face almost in mine. The unexpected fall, the shock, the lurid sky, the uncertainty as to whether I or the other fellow was the dead man, in fact the appearance of things in general, powerfully suggested that I was mixed up with the end of the world instead of a village fire.

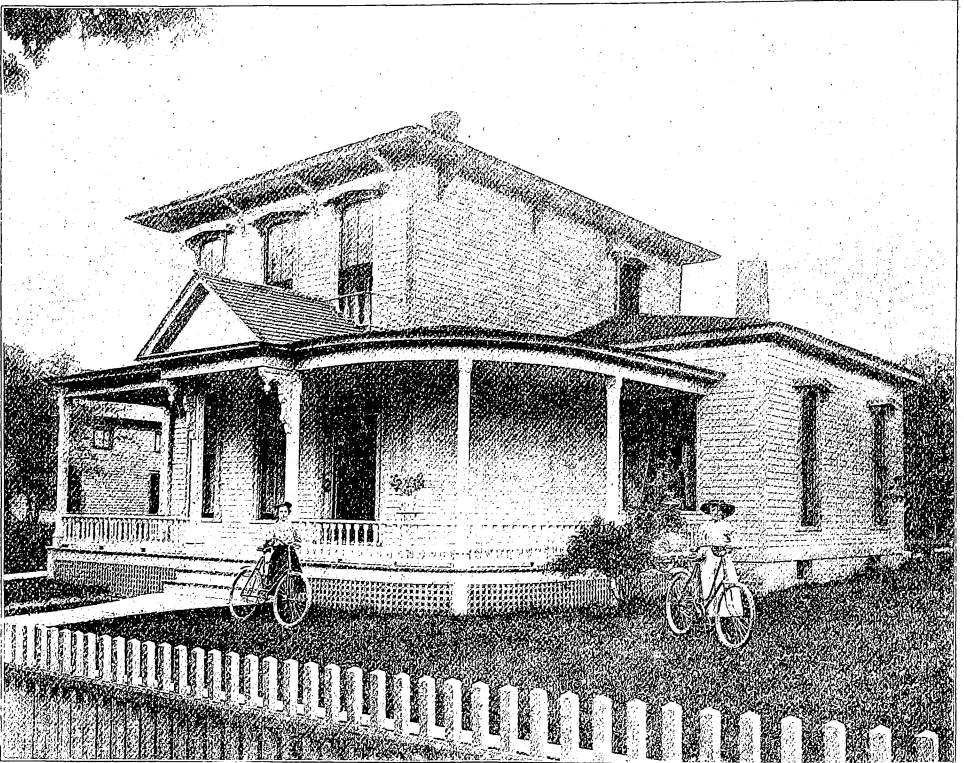
The "District School" and the scholars who took part in it; that was before the World's Fair was located; and, as the Dutch boy that could do nothing but "catch flies," I perpetrated upon a patient gathering of neighbors a lot of original verses, set to original music so that it would come within the range of the register of my four note voice, and of which I can now only remember:

"New York thinks she's got the World's Fair all right  
And holds her head most terribly high;  
But don't you forget that Chicago's there yet,  
And she may catch that fly.  
Yes she may catch that fly,  
That beautiful World's Fair fly.  
Then quiet your fears; once in 400 years,  
Chicago can catch a fly."

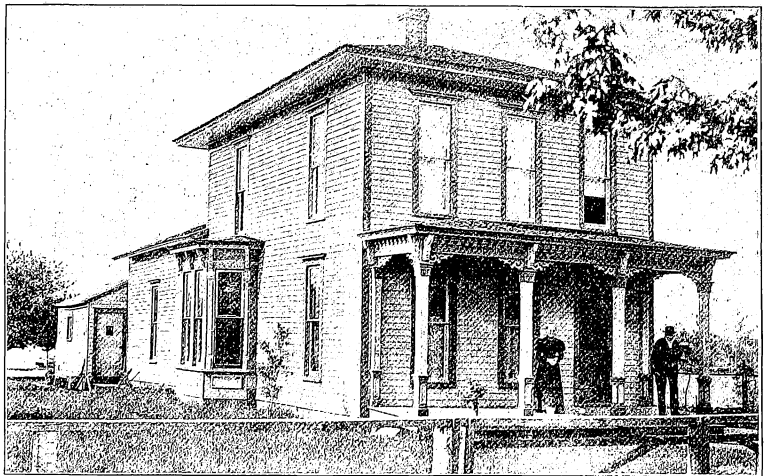
The fulfillment of the prophecy may excuse its mention.

I cannot close without saying that while business interests have made it necessary for us to reside for the last three years at this place, still we have always a warm place in our hearts for Whitehall and enjoy our frequent visits to our home and friends there most heartily.

## Some Whitehall Homes.    ©    ©    ©



The residence of Geo. A. Hobbler, above represented, is located on the Mears Ave. lake front. The next is the home of Robert Goffin, located on Colby street.

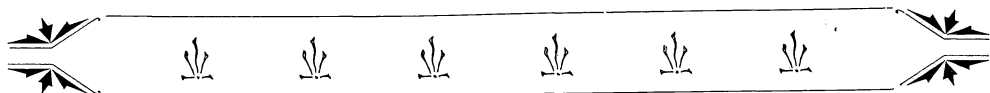






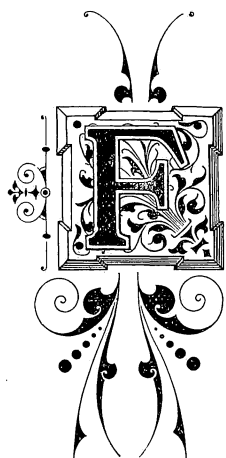
Above is given the home of C. G. Pitkin, situated on the Mears Avenue lake front and following is shown the residence of Fred Peterson, at the corner of Colby and Baldwin streets.

There are many pretty and comfortable homes lining the densely shaded streets of Whitehall, and the owners take pride in keeping them bright and attractive.



## Saunterings.    ◎    ◎    ◎

C. W. REDFERN.



FOR the true lover of Nature, White Lake has many varied attractions, a greater portion of which will appear only after careful and painstaking scrutiny and in the cheerful task to which we are assigned, the greatest difficulty is to choose the most inviting

selected, much real pleasure may be had; the round trip is about two miles from the White Lake dock, and very full of beauty from start to finish.

Another trip, this time by "Foote & Walker's" line, and requiring at least an entire day, is to go to the foot of Duck Lake, then follow the road around to the left, and you will have Duck Lake 50 feet below, and on your right a sand dune or hilly bluff thickly wooded with a most charming variety of deciduous and conifer trees, while the banks are literally covered with thick velvety



THE OLD CHANNEL.

avenue that is nearest at hand.

For visitors at Sylvan Beach, would suggest the taking of a row-boat and making a trip down past the channel or entrance from Lake Michigan to White Lake, and into what is known as the "old channel." The banks are quite abrupt, the ground hard to the water's edge, and if an early morning hour is

mosses in many shades of green, and ferns in endless variety add to the rural beauty; and last but not least tender and delicate flowers that would not be out of place at a fairy's banquet may be found in abundance; then here the wintergreen revels in a luxuriance that only comes from favorable climatic conditions; one may also find the squaw-

berry vine with its waxy fruit playing hide-and-seek with its coy and fragrant neighbor, the trailing arbutus.

The sand-hill rises, we dare not say how high, but a long way up, and there is a legend that one man actually made the ascent, and when he came down, said Muskegon, Whitehall, Montague, Shelby, Point Sauble and Chi—, no several other places were plainly visible.

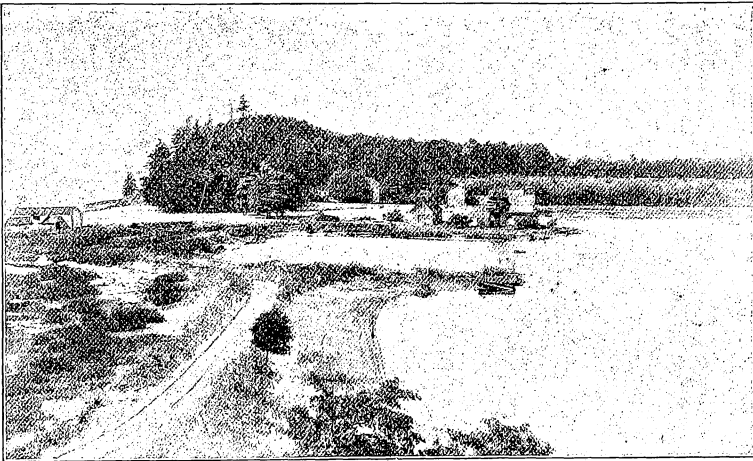
There is a pretty little legend connected with one of the dells of this sand-hill. One night the fairies were dancing, when a young man, who had hidden

day in throwing a missile at a horse, it hit his fairy wife, who instantly disappeared and forever. Her beautiful face was never again seen by mortal, but one evening these plaintive lines were whispered in the breeze, heard only by the bereaved husband:

Oh! lest my son should suffer cold,  
Him in his father's coat in fold;  
Lest cold should seize my darling fair,  
For her, her mother's robe prepare.

Careful observers will find little difficulty in locating the exact spot where this incident occurred.

As far as scenery goes, there is about



SCENE AT DUCK LAKE.

himself in a thicket rushed out and seized a beautiful fay, who, it is needless to add, was a lady. The rest instantly vanished, while he brought his prize in triumph home. After many entreaties, she consented to become his wife on condition that if he should ever strike her with cold iron she would leave him forever. The happy swain had no difficulty in entering into an engagement so readily, as he thought, observed. They were married, and, in course of time, a son and daughter appeared on the scene; but, unfortunately one

three quarters of a mile along here that is well worth looking at. Continuing our journey, we naturally come to a place in the road where there is a turn. Keep to the right and go down past a cleared field, (house and barn on right, back from road) for about half a mile, which will bring us to the foot of Muskrat Lake, and within a stone's throw of Lake Michigan; follow the main travelled road, which is nearly level for about three miles, which will bring us to the end of one of the finest tracts of red oak in Michigan, and through a

dense virgin forest, where each step reveals new visions of beauty that will amply repay any who makes the trip.

The jaunt may be made by conveyance from the Post-office at the old mill site if desired, but if you go, take your dinner, also our humble advice, and do not hurry over the route—unless you want to.

Statistics are dry or otherwise, and we will not burden you with the number of different varieties of mosses, ferns, plants, etc., etc., the main reason being,

and the water, numerous springs abound, and if you sample same, it will seem that the last one is better than all the rest put together; the water is clear, and sparkles and dances in the sunlight, as only pure water can.

The music of the incoming waves is soft and quickly lulls to rest, while the pure air gives a heartiness and buoyancy to the physical man, that nothing else can do; take a sunny day for this trip, or what is still more enjoyable, a night when the moon is full and make a



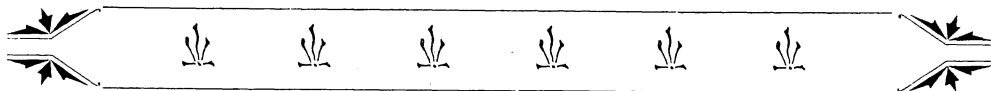
A SECLUDED DELL.

we don't know how many there are, but do know the number to be large, and as to their beauty, it will depend entirely upon the sense of appreciation the visitor has who views the same.

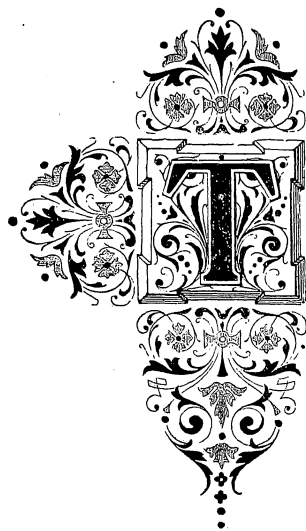
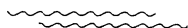
To the robust, much pleasure may be enjoyed from a tramp from Sylvan Beach to Duck Lake, on the beach; the distance is a "long" two miles going, and several times as far back, you will think; on the left, in some places the bluffs tower almost vertically with just enough room to walk between them

long or short trip as fancy dictates.

The one who will get most pleasure from these trips, will hear the droning of a honey-bee, as he flits from flower to flower, the cheerful chirp of the sharp-eyed cricket, the semi-croon of the summer locust, the voice of the Katy-did, the drumming of the partridge, the plaintive note of the mourning dove, the caw of the crow, the tinkle of a cow-bell, and a thousand and one other sounds and voices too numerous to mention.



## The Slocums.    ©    ©    ©



THE village of Whitehall owes its creation and considerable of its early development to the energy and foresight of Giles Bryan Slocum, an old pioneer of Michigan. He was born in Saratoga County, New York, July 11th, 1808, and came of a family noted for its American lineage and the prominent part taken from time to time in promoting and establishing the American Independence. His boyhood years were passed on a farm about two miles from the scene of Burgoyne's surrender and during his early manhood he taught school in the neighborhood of Saratoga and Lockport, New York. He spent the Summer of 1830 farming in Northern New York on the AuSable River, and in 1831 he made his first visit West landing at Detroit, Michigan. After prospecting extensively in the interior he settled for the Winter and assisted in laying out the town of Vistula, now Toledo, Ohio. He owned the first store there and was engaged in getting out timber for the first dock at the place. The Winters of 1833 and 1834 he spent in the store business at the head of Swan Creek Bay, now Newport, Monroe Coun-

ty, Michigan, where he established a store and succeeded in getting the small steamers, "Jack Downing," "Jackson," and "General Brady" to run up Swan Creek from Lake Erie to his place. Later on he built docks at Detroit, Windsor, Springwells, Trenton, Sandwich, Gibraltar and Grosse Isles and established the first store and dock at Truaxton, now Trenton. In the Spring of 1834 among other pioneer experiences he paddled a canoe from Jackson down Grand River to Grand Rapids. He was a hardy youth and made the trip without an overcoat, his only weapon being a fish spear. He passed many canoe loads of Indians along the way and camped for a while on a beautiful spot—then a wilderness—but now where the City of Lansing stands. He also stopped at Rix Robinson's, an Indian trading fort on Grand River near Grand Rapids. After reaching Grand Rapids he made a trip further North and went through what was then a dense wilderness, but is now known as Kent, Muskegon and Ottawa Counties, thereby getting a fair idea of the nature of the country in that part of the State. It was about 1847 when by a contract made with the State of Michigan and County of Wayne, to build two bridges across the River Rouge and one across the Ecorse River, for the payment of which he was to receive State Lands, that he selected and became the possessor of several large tracts of lands in Muskegon County and this was really the opening of his interests in Western Michigan.

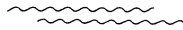
From that period much of his time

was spent there and he continued to enlarge and extend his possessions. In exploring around he came upon the beautiful country on and along White River and White Lake, which at once attracted his attention and he subsequently purchased large tracts of land in that vicinity and in 1859, with Mr. Charles Mears, of Chicago, who likewise had made extensive purchases in the same locality, laid out and platted the present village of Whitehall. He afterwards platted and laid out several additions to the village, furnished means to build homes, saw mills, etc., opened and extended streets, many of which bear names that were dear to him and he donated to the public a block on Colby

street which is known as Slocum Park. He was also instrumental in having the new and present channel constructed connecting White Lake with Lake Michigan, and encouraged such industries and pursuits as might tend to improve and benefit the place, one of the most important of which was the Eagle Tannery. He made frequent trips to Whitehall, and spent much time there and always manifested the greatest interest in both the place and the people. While there he usually stopped with the family of Hon. C. C. Thompson, where he was accorded a warm welcome and made to feel very much at home, a kindness he never forgot.



Hon. Elliott Truax Slocum. © © ©



HON. ELLIOTT TRUAX SLOCUM, of Detroit, Mich., who has large real estate interests in the Village and Township of Whitehall, is the only son of Giles Bryan Slocum. He was born at Trenton, Wayne Co., Michigan, and received his early instructions at a School for Boys on Grosse Isle, conducted by Rev. Moses H. Hunter. Later he was graduated from Union College, Schenectady, New York and from the University of Michigan. He very early became connected and associated with his father in looking after their large real estate interests in different parts of Michigan and Wisconsin. His first trip to Whitehall was made about 1859. He was a youth of nineteen then and started from Slocum's Grove, Muskegon Co., Mich., with Mr. David Abbott, who was a resident of that place about thirty years, but who

is now a wealthy rice grower and a respected and esteemed citizen of Crowley, Acadia Parish, Louisiana. They left Slocum's Grove on two French Indian ponies and went through the woods to Newaygo and looked at some land there. From Newaygo they went to where the Village of Hesperia now stands; Mr. Slocum's father owned some of the land, where the village was afterward laid out, but at that time no village was thought of. The water in the river was so high and rapid they were obliged to cross it by jumping from one stone to another with the aid of a pole. They remained one night at a shanty about half way between Newaygo and Hesperia. It was occupied by a gang of toughs, who were engaged in making shaved shingles out of stolen timber, and the experiences of that night were thrilling indeed. It was not known un-

til well along in the night, when some of the party returned from one of their midnight adventures, how really bad the crowd were. It became necessary for Mr. Slocum and Mr. Abbott to set up a fearless defense, which had the effect of silencing them for the remainder of the night and in the morning they were allowed to depart in peace and safety. Near Hesperia they found Oliver Swain in a log house and remained at his place a day or two. From there they crossed White River and went South following the West shore most of the time. Mr. Slocum's father owned several thousand acres of land on the North and South branches of White River which they looked at. They expected to remain a night in Walter Duke's shanty on section thirty Greenwood. He was an intelligent colored man and a good land surveyor, but when they reached there he was gone and the roof of the shanty had caved in. Mr. Abbott made a bed from the bark of the old roof and they used bark for covering. They had a fire and slept fairly well, although an inch and a half of snow fell during the night. They had no supper that night and no breakfast or dinner the next day, and the ponies browsed on oak leaves. They saw plenty of deer and game along the way. Continuing South they struck White Lake South of Whitehall and then went North following the Lake until they came across a log house near where Albert Mears' store used to stand. Here they got something to eat and found sleeping accommodations with a man by the name of Hanson, who lived on the hill back of Whitehall. By this time they were tired enough to thoroughly enjoy a good night's rest, but in the morning to their utter dismay they discovered their ponies were gone. With-

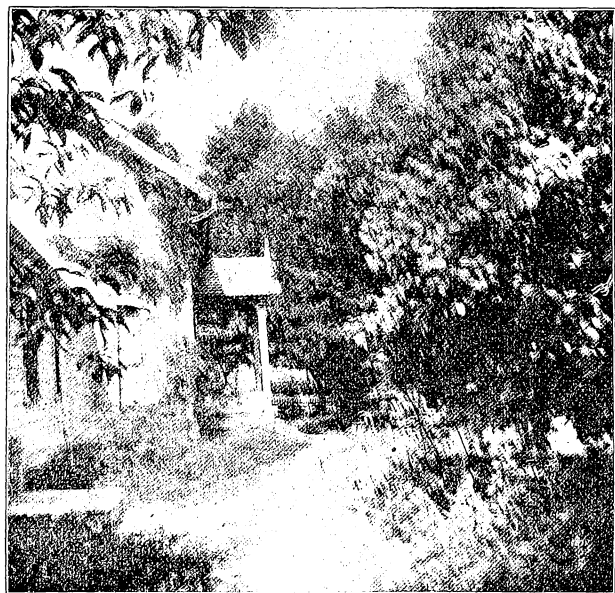
out waiting for breakfast, they started in hot pursuit. They tracked them through the woods about half way to Cedar Creek when night overtook them and they were obliged to sleep under a pine tree. During the night a most terrific rain and thunder storm came up striking and demolishing trees and everything in its course until for greater safety they took to open space, notwithstanding the heavy rain which drenched them through. At day break they renewed the journey and by afternoon arrived at Shippers on Cedar Creek. Here they hoped to get something of some kind to eat, as they had been all this time without a morsel, but the only food in the house was one loaf of bread which they devoured most greedily. They remained all night and next morning started for Truckie's Trading Post on the Muskegon River where Truckie ferried them across the river in a canoe. They then made a straight line for home, thinking perhaps the ponies by this time had gone there. After tramping through the Moorland swamp, some of the time wading through water waist deep and crawling through the worst kind of windfalls and underbrush they succeeded in reaching Slocum's Grove but no ponies were there.

Not willing to give up they at once set to work and made some moccasins and in a day or two started back again in search of the ponies. They went first to Newaygo, then to Sand Creek reaching the latter place late that evening. It was a long and tedious tramp and by morning Mr. Slocum's feet and limbs were so sore and swollen he could not stand on them, but being young and energetic he would not give up. After having them thoroughly rubbed with whiskey to allay the pain and reduce the swelling, he managed to get on

the moccasins and once more they put forth. They had not gone far this time when they met a man who had seen the ponies and succeeded in getting them. After capturing them they spent several days looking over the beautiful Lake and surrounding country in and about Whitehall and got a good idea of the general lay-out of the country. On their return trip they followed down White Lake and along Lake Michigan to the mouth of Muskegon Lake in order to get across as there was no way of crossing above. Following up Muskegon Lake they came to Muskegon and then out by the way of Ravenna back to Slocum's Grove.

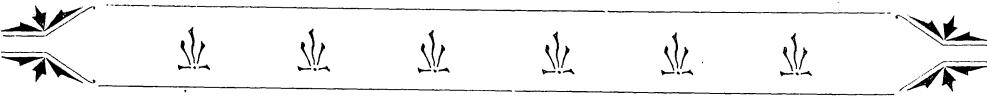
With the opening of his father's interests at Whitehall, he, too, became interested and when his father laid out his additions to the Village, it was Mr. Slocum who did the surveying for him. The first piece of real estate, which he owned individually, was the Union Hotel

that burned in 1870. He got it from Peter Hobler in exchange for a vessel. He also furnished the money to start the first printing office, *The Forum*, in 1869. In 1873 when the Lumberman's State Bank was organized he was the Vice President and one of the Directors and later when it was re-organized into a National Bank he served in the same capacities. After the Union Hotel burned down he erected a three story brick block, which was also destroyed in the great fire of 1881, together with two adjoining wooden stores and a livery stable, rented to Mr. Sturtevant, in which the fire originated, all of which belonged to Mr. Slocum. He is at present largely interested in Whitehall and vicinity and makes frequent trips there. He has vivid recollections of many of the old settlers and recalls with pleasure the great admiration he had for dear "Jack" Covell of whom he was very fond.

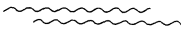


A LEAFY NOOK AT THE HOME OF E. M. RUGGLES, WHITEHALL.





## The White River Drive.    ◎    ◎    ◎



ALL Winter the men and teams have been at work in the woods hauling logs to the river bank, and when the snow and ice are gone they prepare to float them to the mills. This is called driving logs.

Driving logs on White River in an early day was a business requiring considerable nerve as well as skill. The men engaged in the work were constantly in danger of being drowned or crushed in jams and roll-ways. They were generally a lot of hardy, active fellows, who were ready to take the risk, as the work commanded good wages and there was no lost time, Sunday included, from the day their names were enrolled on the pay-list.

As the lonely Winter wore away and signs of Spring appeared, rivermen began to come in from the woods and congregate at Whitehall, the headquarters for all the camps along White River. From about the middle of March to the first of April the saloons did a rushing business. The general rule for the river man was to first buy a suit of clothes, including boots with a hundred corks, (sharpened bits of steel) in each. A red sash to tie about the waist completed the outfit, and next to go to the saloon and blow the balance of his cash. This last proceeding generally terminated in black eyes and a bloody nose. When his money is all spent he is ready to start up the river to the point the superintendent assigns him twenty miles or

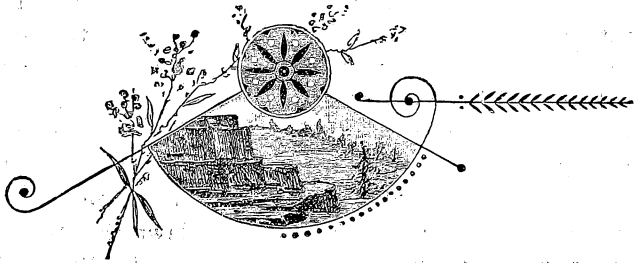
more away. His friend, the saloon keeper, has equipped him with two quarts of the execrable fluid and a package of peerless tobacco, shakes his hand and off he starts on foot. All day he trudges along a trail obstructed by fallen trees often leading through swamp and swale. About 9 p. m., footsore and weary he arrives at the camp, which consists of a heap of blazing logs 'round which the men gather after the day's work is over. Their wet garments hang upon poles to dry, while they regale themselves with all the delicacies a wilderness affords, a tin cup of very strong tea, a tin plate on which is served boiled potatoes, salt pork, baked beans and warm biscuits. A little to one side is a large tent furnished with hemlock boughs and coarse blankets. This is the sleeping apartment. On the opposite side of the fire is a smaller tent for the cook's supplies. Here is another fire where the cooking is done. Two crotched sticks are driven into the ground, a pole laid across to support the two or three iron pots in which the boiling is done. Tin ovens open to the fire are used for baking. This department is presided over by a male cook who can chew and smoke as much tobacco as any of the boys. After supper the evening entertainment begins. It is usually opened by White-Water-Bill and concluded by a thrilling story from Roll-way-Jack. At its conclusion the men "turn in" to sleep if they can, or if wakeful to be serenaded by "hoot owls" or the hum of the hungry mosquito. At the first flush of dawn the stentorian voice of the cook is heard calling "Turn out boys,"

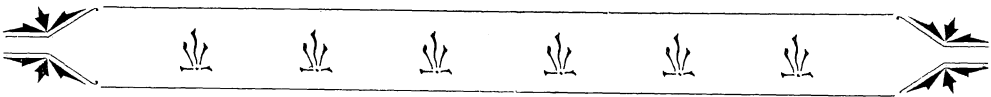
and soon the camp is alive. The men appear with boots in hand that require much pulling and kicking against stumps with some very loud talking before they are settled to their owner's satisfaction. After a douse of cold spring water they are ready for breakfast and the day's work. They shoulder their pevies and headed by the foreman they strike out in Indian file through the swamp and wood until they reach a high bluff at the foot of which is the head of the jam. The logs are piled in great confusion from bank to bank and extend up the river for a mile or more in a solid body.

Below the river runs clear and smooth and winds off through the swamp like a huge snake. The men go down the hill and after considerable lifting, rolling and chopping the jam is broken and the logs begin to move. The great body of water above sends them down with ever increasing velocity often tearing trees from the bank and sending them breaking and crashing down stream with the logs. This the river driver calls a good haul. The hauling of a jam in rapid water is very exciting work. Many a man is thrown headlong into the water for being more daring than the rest. This is a common occurrence, and as the sun rises higher and warms the air, this little episode is soon forgotten as the men jump on the logs as they go rolling and whirling down the river, often having to lie down on the log to

get under overhanging branches. Men get to be experts and some will handle a log as easily as others could a canoe. The men scatter along the river in places where the logs are most likely to jam. The men above break them loose and those below keep them moving on over this division to the crew below, and so on to the sorting grounds at the mouth of the river.

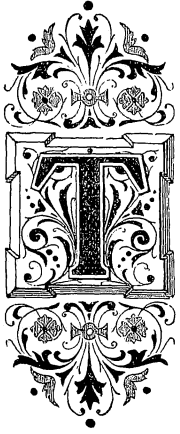
Farther up is another crew who clean up the drive. It consists of two gangs of men called the jam crew and the sackers. During the driving some logs are crowded out along the shore. The sackers roll these back into the river and are continually wading in the water all day. When the logs are sacked into the rear of the jam, the jam crew breaks them loose and stops them a mile or so below by swinging a boomstick across the river. This is done to raise the water so the sackers can float the heavier logs that always hang behind the jam. After the sack is brought in the jam is again moved, and so on until late in the season the last log is sacked in and delivered at the mills; then the men are paid. After fitting themselves with clothes for the Winter, they soon deposit their remaining cash with the saloon-keeper and taking his receipt in sore heads and black eyes they are off again for the woods. Such was the life of the River Driver on White River in the times that are past.





# The Days Gone By.   ◎   ◎   ◎

EDITH GOTTS MUNGER.



THOUGHTS of the days gone by bring such a train of visions and of dreams of the long ago that I close my eyes, let go of the present, and drift back into the past softly repeating the magic words of the old

song—

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night!"

When lo! I am again a little white-haired girl standing on the bank of old White Lake overlooking a scene of great activity. Below me all along both shores are scattered many saw mills, surmounted by great black pipes from which may be seen issuing enormous volumes of smoke. The docks on which these mills are built have huge long arms reaching far out into the blue waters of the lake, bustling with the masts of vessels from far away ports. The town lying part on the flat and partly on the natural terrace on which I am standing, consists chiefly of very small houses scattered about among the numerous stumps, mullen stalks and straggling pines and hemlocks. The hum of business rises with a cheerful sound, and around the mill men are hurrying hither and thither like bees around a hive in June. Some with long poles are pushing the logs in the water toward the incline up which they will presently be hauled to take a ride on the carriage and meet their ex-

ecutioner, the sharp-toothed saw. Some are loading trucks with the white clean looking boards and rolling them out on the long tramways to make higher the mountains of lumber rising all along the water's edge, while others leather-aproned and browned from much exposure to wind and sun are transferring these same huge piles to the vessels anchored in the canal-like slips. The only creature that seems to be taking the world slowly is a large heavy-footed horse moving with an almost snail-like pace up a long sandy hill, hauling a cart fashioned somewhat after the Roman chariots of old only rough instead of gilded as to exterior and bearing not a triumphant Cæsar but a load of pitchy resinous pine slabs to be burned in some one of the households on the hill. The "clap clap" of the lumber that is being loaded and unloaded rises as a sort of monotonous accompaniment to the whirring whizzing sound that the saw makes as it cuts its way so relentlessly to the heart of the once proud monarch of the forest, and a faint puffing sound that steals at intervals through the other songs of labor is found to issue from some tiny tugs making their way bravely down the lake, each trailing behind it two or three huge three-masted vessels so laden with the spoils of the mills as to look as though parts of the docks were being borne away. The spicy odor of the newly cut pine is wafted o'er me so deliciously that I dream that I too am being borne away into the golden glory of the sunset lands to groves Elysian where the feathery branches of

the pines sway to and fro making sweetest music, and dropping their golden-brown cones so generously into the lap of Mother Earth, and where I feel so akin to the fairies and all things magical that the most wonderful palace rises Aladdin-like at my command and I am just entering its gorgeous portal when my dream is rudely broken by a shriek prolonged and loud, followed by a dozen or more in rapid succession until each one of the mills has given its own particular "t-o-o-o-o-o-t" to indicate that the day's labor is ended, and begging Gray's pardon.

"The millman homeward plods his weary way  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

'Tis morning and the same small maiden tightly grasping her first book, a little primer of an emerald hue, is trudging through the grove to the little white school house beyond, thinking with mingled feelings of dread, pleasure and curiosity of the ordeal before her in beginning her education. Arrived at the seat of learning, however, she soon finds so many companions, that she loses all thought of dread in the delights of the play ground. Presently the last bell rings its notes of warning and then ensues the scene of—

"Forty little urchins crowding through the door,  
Pushing, crowding, making a tremendous roar."

Followed by singing, roll call and then the marshalling of the a b c class along a crack in the floor and their initiation into the mysteries of those arbitrary characters to which there seems no reason or rhyme and from which there is no escape. Happy should be the child who can begin in the true school for the child, the kindergarten, where he is taught through and from what he already knows all that is truly useful, beautiful and elevating instead of the Gradgrind facts of those early primaries. The hard tasks are mastered one by one,

interspersed with the red letter days when we "spell down" or "speak pieces" and last the greatest day of all when we in our best dresses and shiniest and squeakiest shoes, sit on the sharp edge of expectancy with the hot and cold chills chasing one another up and down our spines, waiting to see if we are going to "pass" over to the brown school house. When we do reach it how much that longed for goal loses in enchantment, and how much more when we find ourselves perched on ugly wooden benches so high that our feet dangle like the last leaves on the tree in the Spring and our longing eyes can see nothing out of those high narrow windows save a little patch of sky and the tops of the fir trees still standing on the corner, then we wish, though it would never do to admit it, that we were back in the sunny little building across the way, that we left so joyfully.

What we have to endure in physical discomforts however we make up for in the proud feeling that we are little "primary" children no longer, and those we have left behind must deem it a great honor if we deign to play "Pull Away" or "Crack the Whip" with them now. Then too there is the fun of going foraging with the larger boys and girls, who are of course much more daring than we have ever been. Ah, how sweet to our childish appetites are those raw potatoes, turnips and carrots, that were scrubbed vigorously at the old wooden pump, and eaten so slyly behind our geographies when the teacher is not looking our way! What patience and perseverance that same much abused teacher, Miss Sarah Payne, shows in helping us through the mathematical, grammatical and geographical sloughs in which we soon find ourselves floundering. That "big" geography on which

at first we gaze with so much pride, soon becomes a veritable nightmare, and as we con its pages o'er and o'er day after day, those obdurate misshapen countries seem to turn into wriggling hump-backed monsters that glare at us with a gorgon stare, growling "Bound me or I'll eat you up;" and the little dots and stars of towns and cities expand into enormous humble bees which threaten to sting if we do not locate them correctly. But even this is eventually worried through and the next one to reach out a helping hand to guide us up the hill of knowledge, is dear, old Prof. Slayton, who makes the formidable looking "ologies" and other unknown studies so plain to our dull minds that time flies away as if by magic, and soon we find ourselves over in the magnificent new brick school house in the suburbs, and then before we have really recovered from the awe with which we watched the last graduates carry off their honors and bouquets, we find our own class mounting the rostrum on our own commencement night.

For the first time we realize that, as the log rolling up into the mill was the nucleus from which sprang the beautiful houses, churches and schools which form the material center of civilization called Whitehall, and the contents of the despised little green primer the germ of all the mentality we bring to our aid, just so surely all we have thus far achieved in the years of mixed struggle and

pleasure, now past, is but the corner stone of our real education which must consist not so much of material facts as of the development of the higher qualities as yet but little appealed to.

How vividly that graduating night comes back to me now! The sea of faces, the glare of the lights and scent of the old fashioned roses, pinks and rosemary all seem as real as though they were present instead of in the far away past, and that thought makes me awake to the fact that I am a white-haired little maiden no more but a woman who can call Whitehall only her old home, and who can make no excuse for these rambling reminiscences through fields and by-ways so olden, unless it be that I fell asleep over—

"O the days gone by! O the days gone by!  
The apples in the orchard and the pathway through  
the rye;

The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail  
As he piped across the meadow sweet as any night-  
ingale;

When the bloom was on the clover and the blue was  
in the sky.

And our happy hearts brimmed over in the days gone  
by.

"In the days gone by when our naked feet were tripped  
By the honeysuckle tangles where water-lilies dipped  
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the  
brink

Where the placid-eyed and lazy footed cattle came to  
drink,

And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's way-  
wardery

And the splashing of the swimmer in the days gone by.

"O the days gone by! O the days gone by!

The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;

The childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring,

The simple soul-reposing glad belief in everything

When life was like a story holding neither sob nor sigh

In the olden golden glory of the days gone by."



## Hunting and Fishing.    ◎    ◎    ◎

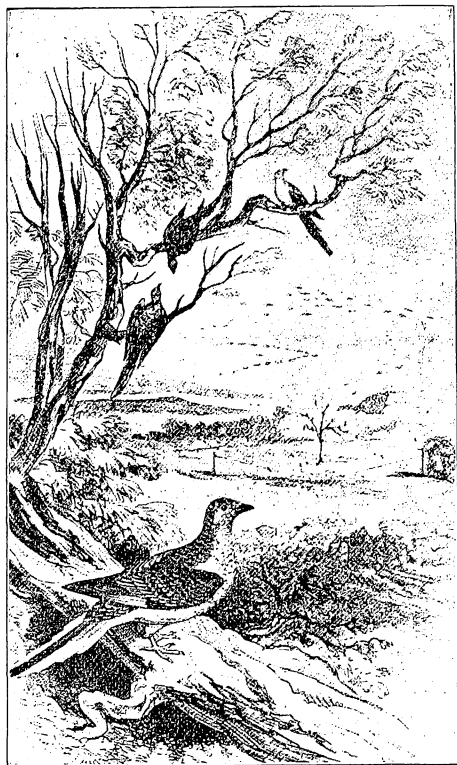
G. T. W., WHITEHALL.

**I**N the early sixties, while yet a young lad, my parents moved to White Lake and located near what is called Carleton Creek, then a dense wilderness. I was a child of nature, loving the woods and delighting in a rod and line. Then it was with rimless straw hat and bare feet, with my pocket full of bait, I would steal away in the early morning light to White River and catch my basket full of fish, and return home in time to have mother cook my beauties for breakfast. The river then abounded with fish of all kinds, from the tiny minnow to

the mammoth muskellunge.

The greatest of all sport was fishing by torch-light, and well I remember my delight when invited by the Fogg boys to go with them on such an expedition. My boyish eyes bulged out with astonishment as awe-stricken I sat in the canoe and saw the stick of pitch pine lighted, and placed in the prow of the boat to blind the fish. My, what a catch! There were black bass, pike, pickerel and bull-heads, but in time this got to be a common thing. Speaking of muskellunge reminds me of an incident that occurred in after years. Coming home one day shortly after bringing my wife to Whitehall I found the doors locked and the curtains down. Calling my wife by name I was surprised to have the door cautiously opened and to be told to come in quick when the door was again quickly locked. "What is the matter?" I exclaimed, "Why are you shut in this warm day?" Pale as a ghost she whispers, "Indians. The town is full of them. Two great big Indians just went by with the largest fish I ever saw. They had a pole through its head and the ends of the pole on their shoulders and then it dragged on the ground, it must have been a young whale." I told her it was a muskellunge, and when I got to the bottom of the matter two Indians and a squaw were all she had seen that day. How I laughed at her, but they were the first Indians the poor woman had ever seen.

In later years the streams have been planted by the State with speckled



trout and other varieties of fish. A law was passed that they should not be molested for a period of three years. It is now lawful to catch trout from May first to September first. Game wardens were also appointed to see that the law was enforced. Among the first appointed were Dr. Kenyon, Messrs. Whitman, Brock and Haverkate. I was called upon at one time by Mr. Brock to go with him up the river in search of law breakers. As we were skulking along in the brush watching the river a man jumped and ran, leaving his trout on the river bank. He was too quick for us, and when we turned laughing for home, I slyly picked up the trout and slipped them in Brock's pocket; when we got to Montague I accused him of taking them and told him if he threw them away I would complain of him; he said if I did, he would murder me "by gum I will."

In an early day the woods were full of wild game of all kinds, the black bear, deer, fox, wild cat and lynx. The wolf, too, often made night hideous as they howled around the settler's cabin. It was no uncommon thing to see the deer browsing in sight of your door, or even come to the house to eat potato parings thrown out in the yard. I have killed many deer myself but could never bring myself to shoot one while eating so near our door. Frequently we would go out and shoot a deer in the morning in order to have venison for breakfast as that was the only fresh meat we had. I have killed as many as five deer in one day.

The bear was common in those days and harmless if let alone. A stranger came one day and wished me to show him some land, he thought of purchasing. He stood looking at the timber when I pointed back, he turned to look.

Instantly his hair began to rise on his head, for there stood a black bear raised up on his haunches, he soon dropped down and ambled away into the woods. Our land-looker said, "Let us go home, I think I will look somewhere else" and I guess he did for I never saw him again. The wild pigeons were also plentiful, and catching and shipping them was at one time a prosperous business, in which many were engaged, myself among the number. They had their nestlings in the swamps around White Lake and vicinity. Pigeon Hill on the shore of Lake Michigan received its name from the fact that the birds in flying over would be but a few feet from the ground and people were accustomed to go there and kill them in great numbers with clubs and poles. I have often shipped as high as ten crates a day, a crate containing from four to five dozen birds. To catch them the beds were made in the vicinity of the feeding grounds, strewing them with wheat. A net was then set with spring poles at each end, and a stool pigeon to decoy them on the bed. The net was then sprung over them. The catch would sometime be as high as twenty dozen. I have frequently made as high as twenty-five dollars in one day.

The bull frog that makes night hideous with his croaking, was also another source of making money. They were caught with hook and line, and crated the same as pigeons. We realized from seventy-five cents to one fifty a dozen. I have made as high as ten dollars a day at this business. Much money was also made in trapping on White River which once literally swarmed with muskrat, mink and otter. A good muskrat skin would bring from fifteen to forty cents; a mink from one to five dollars, and an otter from six to eighteen dollars.

I have caught otter that measured six feet in length. A good trapper has been known to clear from ten to fifteen dollars in one night, and make as high as eight hundred in one season.

But now all things are changed. Where once roamed the wild deer and Indian, free and unmolested cultivated farms and beautiful homes may be found. The log-cabin and river men's shanties are no more.

It may be of interest to some to know that the Trading Post derived its name

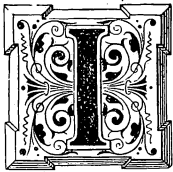
from the fact that the French traders were accustomed to visit there at certain seasons of the year to buy furs from the Indians. In 1859 Mr. Chas. Johnson located there and remained many years. The spot where now stands Whitehall was once the feeding ground of the deer.

Nearly all of the first settlers have gone to their eternal home but there will always be a tender spot in my heart for those who remain to remind us of the past.



## Early Days of Blue Lake.    ◎    ◎    ◎

ANDERSON J. BRITTON.



IN March, 1863, I concluded to leave York State for Michigan, and started April 4th from Dansville with my wife and twin brother Andrew, arriving in Grand Haven the 7th with just one dollar in my pocket. The following morning leaving my wife, and not having the fare to take the one horse stage we started afoot along the beach to White River, the lake being so rough that we were at times knee deep in water. At about four p. m., we arrived at the old Dalton mill on Silver Creek where I had an older brother at work. We made a bargain with Mr. Dalton to work for him, and being very anxious to see my brother to get the necessary funds to bring my wife and trunks from Grand Haven, we followed him to the "Mouth" where he had gone. He loaned the money and we hired a fisherman and boat. This was my first ride on Lake Michigan. We arrived at Grand Haven

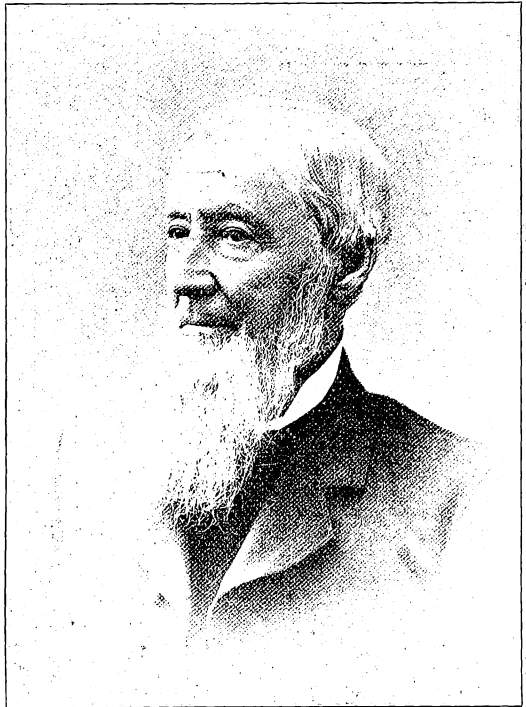
early and started back with a fine fair breeze, but soon a strong nor'wester came up and we were compelled to find shelter in Muskegon harbor. As we were entering a heavy sea broke over the boat, sousing my wife and a French doctor who was with us and the Captain as wet as could be, but fortunately I escaped the immersion. We stayed all night at a boarding house kept by Mr. Batise, and the next mornigug we had a lovely sail down to White River arriving there in time for breakfast. We loaded our baggage and ourselves into a lumber wagon and started for Dalton's mill to commence our first work in a lumber boarding house. It was not then as now; we did not have the best of everything; the pork was more rine than meat; the butter when we had any was like the coat worn by the Child of Promise, of many colors. It was too tough for us. We worked long enough to pay what we had borrowed and enough to locate a homestead. Then



May 13th, 1863, we three brothers started to the land office at Ionia to take up the first homesteads in Blue Lake township. On our return we commenced to make the necessary arrangements for a house by cutting and hewing pine logs. We first made a brush shelter to stay in until our home was ready. Our first night in Blue Lake was quite an eventful one. We had gotten ready to retire when something set up the most unearthly screaming we had ever heard. We could think of nothing but panthers. My brother had a rifle and we built a large fire in front of our brush shanty waiting anxiously for morning. We were about ten rods from Square (now called Britton) Lake. At day light we crept down very cautiously to the bank expecting to meet some ferocious wild animal, but to our surprisethere were only two large loons resting on the water. We had never seen any before or heard them scream. In a few days my wife came up to cook for us. She thought this quite a wild country and my house not a very good shelter from storm. When it rained I used to sit up and hold an umbrella over her while she slept. Deer were very plenty here at that time. It was nothing to meet them in droves of six or seven. I remember well their fondness for cabbage. It was most impossible to raise any, for they would come in the night and eat them off. There were also a few wolves prowling around. I had a little adventure with a black bear one day. I had been over to the old Brown mill across the river and as I was crossing the flats on my return home I lost my way. It was getting pretty dark and so I started to climb the bank. I heard a noise. I tried to see what it was and he tried to see what I was and so we

met. I will not tell which was the most frightened but he ran and I could not. The next year or two there were a great many families moved in and Blue Lake was a lively place. As long as the pine timber lasted we used to have jolly times and our picnics on the banks of the big Blue were quite noted events. There was a nice little boat owned by some of the farmers which was a pride and enjoyment to all. We hope to see these days again in the near future. Blue Lake has already a reputation as a summer resort and fishing ground.

Our first schools were taught in 1866. The one known as the Wiegand school was opened with 36 pupils enrolled. I have spent 35 years of my life in Blue Lake and hope to spend the remainder of my days besides the peaceful waters of my little lake.



HARLO RUGGLES, WHITEHALL, AGE 86.

Mr. and Mrs.


Lyman T. Covell.

The genial faces of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman T. Covell adorn this page. Although they are referred to in another sketch in this work, brief data concerning them may not be amiss here. Lyman was born at Bently Creek, Pa., Sept 30th, 1835, coming to Whitehall in 1869, and engaged with Joseph Hinchman in the shingle trade, and later was engaged with his brother A. J. in the lumber business. Then he entered in co-partnership with Hon. H. E. Staples and for years they were one of the most extensive lumber manufacturing concerns on the lake, Mr. Covell still owning and operating the plant.

Mr. Covell also possesses one of



the finest farms in the vicinity and altogether his industry has resulted in a comfortable fortune. His two sons, George and Frank, both married, handle his interests successfully and Mr. and Mrs. Covell devote much time to church and society work. Mrs. Covell was formerly Eunice C. Hobler and a daughter of Peter Hobler, a pioneer of Whitehall, and they were married July 3d, 1866. Although most unassuming people, their spacious home on Division street is the abode of contentment and hospitality. Whitehall's splendid system of water works resulted from a street banter between Mr. Covell and Ed. J. Smith in the Spring of 1890. The former had a plan for running a pipe from the mill, and the latter wanted a public plant. They easily agreed, and the next year a fine public plant was in operation.



## Twilight at the Beach.    ©    ©    ©

E. J. S., WHITEHALL.



sit beneath night's star-gemmed firmament,  
So clear, so calm, so immaculate,  
Among whose twinkling suns my soul intent  
Seeks here or there its gleaming star of fate.

All Nature seems enwapt in sleep profound,  
Save now the cricket chirping at my feet;  
Or yonder breakers which with muffled sound  
Surge up the sand-paved shore in music sweet.

Now, too, from yonder copse, the whip-poor-will  
Its plaintive song sends out to heaven and me;  
And far away upon the air, so still,  
The kennelled hound is baying to be free.

The nightingale, with sudden downward swoop,  
Like some freed spirit of the sleepless dead,  
Borne deftly through the ghostly shades that droop,  
Just grazes, with its whirring wing, my head—

Then darts aloft; I turn to watch its course,  
When streaming through the western sky afar,  
Some fiery meteor shoots from infinite source  
And seeks the jeweled breast of wooing star.

Aslant the rippling waters from the West,  
A glinting, gleaming dazzling stream of light,  
A quivering, gorgeous sheen from Luna's crest,  
Is thrown and draws to God the soul of night.

O'er all, in all, mysterious, grand, sublime!  
The worm that creeps, the bird that soars above,  
The twinkling pendants of high heaven's chime,  
Is wrought the sacred atmosphere of Love!

So calm, so blest, and yet so strangely weird!  
Sweet nature thus assures my faith, I wis;  
No more myself shall by myself be feared,  
For this is God, and I am child of this!

My yearning escapes its trial of life,  
Floats out beyond Religion's narrow goal;  
And, winging golden ways from creedful strife,  
It mingles with the Universal Soul.



Edna



Norval



Euna



## A Medieval Family.    ©    ©    ©



ABOVE are given the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. J. Smith, and their children Edna, Euna, and Norval. Mr. S. came to Whitehall in 1881, where he entered upon the practice of law, but in 1882 he purchased the Whitehall Forum and up to 1897 was its editor. He was born at Grand Rapids, Nov. 14th, 1856, and worked his way to graduation in the Latin-Scientific course of the Muskegon High School. He was admitted to practice law in 1881 in the State courts and subsequently to the courts of the United States. He was Village Attorney of Whitehall for a long term of years, was postmaster under President Harrison, and was elected president of the village in 1897. He has been an earnest advocate of public improvements; and the pavements, water works,

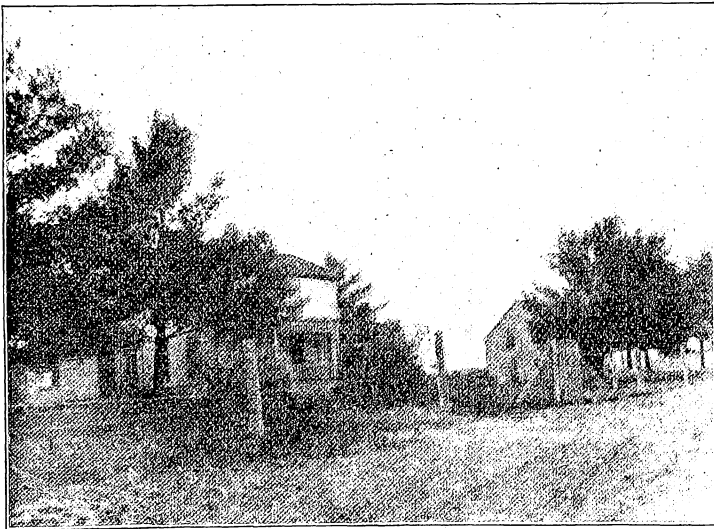
and other substantial improvements in Whitehall owe much to him. White Lake's famous resort was named by him. At present he is conducting a law publishing business. His facile pen has won him recognition in literary circles, and his contribution on the foregoing page will be read with interest. He was united in marriage in 1880 to Minnie S. Floten, whose residence in Whitehall antedates his by a decade. Of the three children Miss Edna is a student at Akeley Institute and is developing much talent at the piano. They have a cozy home at the corner of Colby and Livingston streets, built on the site of the old Robt. Hawks' farm house which in the early days comprised forty acres in what is now the heart of the town. Two Norway pines planted by Mr. Hawks are still roof-trees to perpetuate the old land-mark.

## Michillinda.    ©    ©    ©



LIKE its name, which is derived from the names of the three States first represented there, Michill-Inda is made up of various elements and stands for much or little, according to one's point of view. Three years ago the name signified only the grounds of the "Michillinda Beach Association" organized for the development into Summer homes of the forty acres of land purchased Jan. 25th, 1895, from the farm known

permanence and popularity, that it has given the name Michillinda to the whole vicinity of the foot of Duck and White Lakes, with the new store and postoffice, and the old boat landing known variously to the past as "Green's Mill," "Dalton's Mill" and "Sprigg's Landing," under the control of Mr. Geo. Mason, of Montague. The general public, in speaking of Michillinda now include the homes of the pioneer White Lake cottagers, Messrs. Taggart, Wolcott, Butterfield and the late Dennison, all of



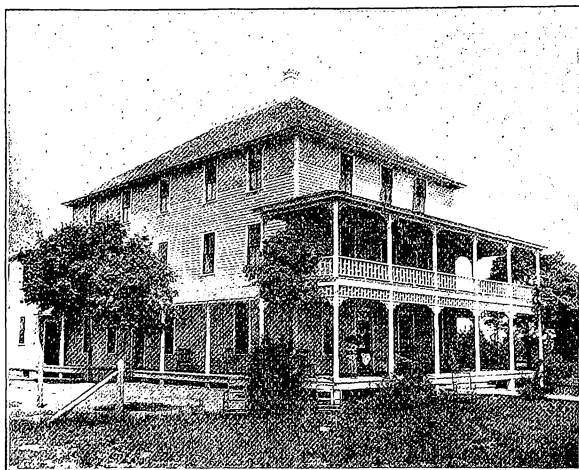
THE PINES, J. R. AUSTIN.

as "The Pines." These grounds are one and a half miles South of Sylvan Beach, on the shore of Lake Michigan, and one half mile South of the landing at foot of White Lake. The wooded front was divided into twenty-four lots and sold to the members of the Association, who were bound to build good cottages within one (by extension two) year's time. This resort has already grown to such

Grand Rapids, with Mr. Partridge's new boarding house to the right and "Fernwood" to the left of them, besides the Association grounds with the newly platted independent additions to the North and South, and adjacent Summer boarding places, "Beechmont" and "The Pines." Thus it stands for a large number of people, gathered from many different points but chiefly from Chica-

go, and Moline, Ill., Grand Rapids, Mich., and Beloit, Wis. The directory of cottage owners at Michillinda will this year besides those already mentioned give the names of Rev. Sleeper and Prof. Smyth, of Beloit, Wis., at Beechmont; Association Pres. Hill and Treas. Grimes, Messrs. Cooper, Allen, Stevens, Keator, Ainsworth and Dr. Sloan, of Moline, Ill.; Sec. Wallace, Messrs. Alexander, Barker, Rindge, Jennings, Watkins, Freeman and Coon, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Bippus, of Indiana; Geo. Hill, of Minneapolis; Pres. Eaton, D. D.,

"the half had never been told." They came, they saw, and, in spite of wide experience at older resorts, they were conquered. Led by suggestion these three "spied out the land" and found the site of Michillinda Beach, with its quiet beauty, its shade, ease of access, living springs for a successful hydraulic water system, its fine beach, its low banks, and its privacy for family use, with resources for produce at its very gates. Mr. Coon, of Grand Rapids, a pioneer of Sylvan Beach, advised the enlargement of the scheme to the



FERNWOOD, W. D. PYNE.

of Beloit College; Rev. Binkhorst, of Hart; Dr. Lyman, M. D., Mr. Fleming and Mr. Swift, of Chicago. Probably there will be other late additions as heretofore each year.

Special mention should be made of Rev. Theo. Willson, now of New Haven, Conn., one of the early promoters of Sylvan Beach, who, after his year of sightseeing abroad, chose Sylvan Beach for his home outing and brought with him the families of Deacons Cooper, Hill and Grimes of his church in Moline that "seeing, they might believe" of the many attractions of White Lake region,

purchase of forty acres for an association of lot owners. This was done and Mr. Forbes, also of Grand Rapids and Sylvan Beach, by his financial policy and support saved the sale from falling through and recruited the membership in Grand Rapids largely. Some day-dreamers now prophesy a continuation of resorts along the shore of Lake Michigan from Sylvan Beach to Muskegon.

Michillinda is an aftermath, suddenly sprung up from possibilities long latent or at least dormant. Years ago the foot of both lakes was the center of rich lumbering operations. Mills, stores, stage

mail routes, large fleets of boats, hordes of busy men and prosperous times belong to its history, but the wealth produced so lavishly here was carried away to fill the coffers of ease or build up city enterprise. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," but now city money is glad to spend itself in these despised work-fields and camps. Slow, discouraging years dragged themselves away. Hard won homes were abandoned and precious lives laid down during the wellnigh hopeless task of Poverty and Labor (always minus Capital and sometimes

He'd worked and cobbled while he sang.  
Full soon a voice from Heaven rang,  
"I miss the little human voice,"  
Take heart in toil, "To labor is to pray."

Let none look on thy work and say,  
"No master-hand here wrought to-day!"  
Success is only faithful doing,  
'Tis just our best, repeated o'er and o'er.

Slowly the change was accomplished. The land began to surprise all strangers by the amount and the quality of the fruits and vegetables produced. Its shipments were in demand and its products came to be mentioned as one of the attractions to the region where cool breezes and general healthfulness were



RETREAT OF J. P. PARTRIDGE.

minus Brains) to convert the stripped pine lands and the sandy openings into land good enough to support even the simplest life of those undertaking it. These were the days when people asked themselves about their limitations.

Who is doing what he would?  
Fewer still do all they could.  
Dost think thy task too mean and small?  
God knows if larger spheres have need of thee.

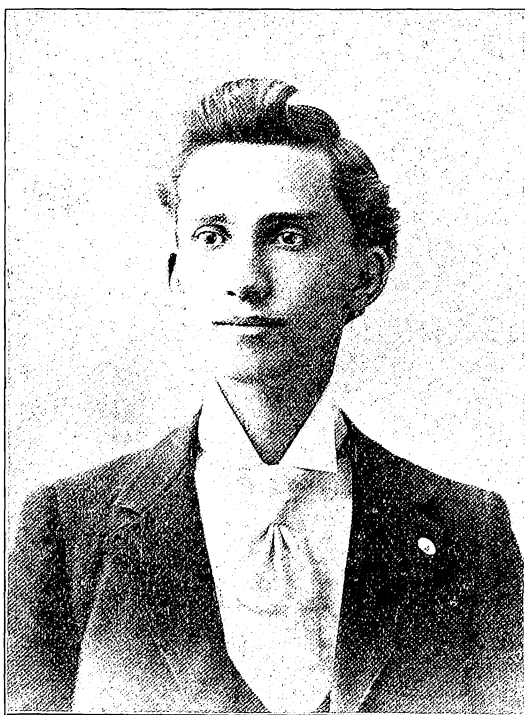
Wouldst't thou for greater tasks prepare?  
Give now the least thy faithful care.  
Is what we do the greatest test?  
Not "what" but "how," the story tells.  
Hast heard that "each thing in its place is best?"  
One loosened stone endangers all the rest.  
Didst't ever read of angel fair and bright,  
Who took the place of one poor, weary man?

added to the appetizing and invigorating effects, and the fine bathing and boating. These attractions, added to the natural beauties of the region with the great lake and little lakes, and the ease and cheapness of access both by boat and by rail, came to be recognized as forming an unusual combination for Summer outings. Thus the long-coming star of hope arose merging itself into the star of progress if not of prosperity.

While people come to this place to rest and lead the quiet family life impossible in the crowded fashionable re-

sorts, there are many delightful musical and social entertainments free from the exclusiveness, the dress and the formalities incident to such functions in city life. Excursions by water and by land, picnics, beach fires, camp suppers, swimming, boating, tennis and social games and amusements keep the large number of young people busy, while the children are as happy as the birds and the squirrels over their heads. Sundays at Michillinda are delightful. Morning services are held on the grounds by the resident and visiting clergymen, affording a treat to all fortunate enough to attend, as do also the gatherings for vesper music "by the sea shore." Each Sunday afternoon there is a service alternately at some cottage and in the neighboring school house, conducted by a minister from Whitehall. It so happens that without any intention of being a sectarian resort, most of the Michillindians, including one family of residents and two of the neighboring resort families of White Lake, are Congregationalists. The religious history of this region, so far as there has been one, was connected, until two years ago, with that of the Wesleyan Church of Whitehall. Twenty years or more ago "Father" Streeter held the first religious service in its history at the Duck Lake school house, since replaced by the one near foot of White Lake on land donated by John McNeil for the purpose, on condition that the house should always be held open for religious services. Miss Emma Gee organized the first Sunday School and Rev. Hulbert of the Whitehall Wesleyan Church organized a branch membership of nine at Duck Lake and the connection was kept up with regular services until the number of resident

members had dwindled by death and removal to three. These becoming dissatisfied, withdrew from the connection two years ago and have not since joined any organization but hold themselves and the school house open to any orthodox service. It is probable that, at no distant day, a union chapel will be built at some more central point. One of the editors of "The Advance," after a visit to Michillinda, wrote an article concerning it entitled "Arcadia Is Found" describing its charms but tantalizingly withholding name and location; and remarking incidentally of the number of people there, "There are just enough and no more." However for the right people there is still room. There is no longer room for doubt that Michillinda has an assured and happy future as well as a phenomenal past.



SCHOOL COMMISSIONER JOHN O. REED.



## The Pioneer.    ©    ©    ©

THOMAS KELLY, LINCOLN, MICH.



O you remember when the trail was blazed,  
And everyone was so much amazed  
At sight of the swamps and miles of pine,  
As they followed along the county line?

They found as God made them, lake, river and wood,  
With the blue sky above where the cabin stood,  
The soil had lain ages before their birth  
Waiting for hands to make fruitful the earth.

How we lived that first long year  
Has never since to my mind been clear;  
But when sheltered in our cabin home  
We had faith that seed time and harvest would come.

The pioneer suffered so long in the past  
We think he deserves a pension at last.  
There is one distinction—he never can miss  
His name from the roll of the yearly tax list.

The country was new, but we were young,  
The farmers were scattered, but everyone  
Was ready to risk privation and harm,  
For they came to the township to hew out a farm.

To clear up the land, to lumber and trade  
Is the way the wealth of our county was made,  
For no orchard or meadow or waving corn  
Ever met our vision at evening or morn.

No sound of church bell ever greeted our ear  
To remind us that God and Heaven were near.  
The most common things were so hard to get then  
That it took fifty cents to buy one hen.

Of neighbors three and miles between,  
When all was told, had but one team.  
How well we remember the children's gay laugh,  
When we brought home the cow and her pretty red calf.

But the forest was green and the wild flowers gay,  
And we visited far more than we do to-day.  
To carry a baby and a pack beside  
Was as easy then as it is now to ride.

We were sure of a hearty hand shake,  
The warmest corner and a good corn cake;  
On rare occasions we took great pride  
In roasted venison or partridge fried.

We came from New England, the prairie, the plain ;  
We had crossed the broad lake and come over the main ;  
But when we talked over our hardships and fears  
It seemed we had known each other for years.

'Tis a long, long time since that early day,  
And some are weary and wrinkled and gray,  
And some of our loved ones have passed to that shore  
Where toiling and troubling and suffering are o'er.

All of us thought in the days gone by  
When the forest shut out the light of the sky,  
We would clear the land for the light and sun,  
And have a good time when the work was done.

Then live in leisure and dwell in peace,  
And gather the fruit of the earth's increase.  
We felled the forest and cleared the land ;  
Where trees once stood, the farm house stands.

Where the wolf once howled around our sheep,  
The fruit of our orchard we pile in heaps ;  
The cattle are grazing on hill and plane,  
And the store house is full of the golden grain.

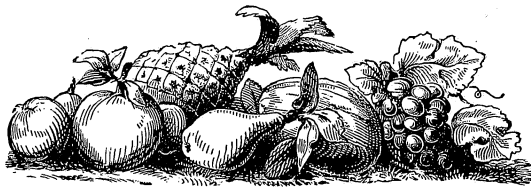
Now out of our labor and out of the soil  
Do we get full pay for all of our toil?  
What is our share of the harvest yield,  
When all is gathered from orchard and field?

The beautiful pine of the early day,  
Has been drawn to the river and floated away ;  
Where the maple and oak and beech once stood,  
Are farms in the sunshine fair and good.

Born of our toil, we can point with pride  
To the school house and hamlet on every side,  
And culture and health and comfort and cheer  
Result from the work of the Pioneer.

We can't build here for ourselves alone,  
Others will gather where we have sown,  
In the orchard we planted, on the farm we made,  
Children will play in sunshine and shade.

When we with the living no longer abide,  
But sleep in the vale or lone hill side.  
The mansions above will be brighter when won,  
And the Master has said "My servant, well done!"



# Pepper and Salt.    ©    ©    ©

A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF REMINISCENCES.



In township 12 N., R. 17 W., which comprises the present townships of Whitehall and Montague, no record can be found of any assessment roll made prior to 1842, and that was as follows:

N. E. 1-4 of S. E. 1-4, Sec. fourteen, 40 acres (which is the site of the old Dalton saw mill on Silver Creek) Valuation	\$ 50.00
Lot 3, Sec. 33 (site of old Chas. Mears' saw mill in S.W. corner of township) valuation	1,260.00
Lot 4, Sec. 33, Valuation	48.00
S. E. 1-4 of S. W. 1-4, Sec. 33, Valuation	50.00
S. E. Fr'l of S. E. 1-4, Sec. 32, Valuation	2.00
Total valuation of township	\$1,410.00

After this no roll was made till 1845. Whitehall and Montague were at that time included in Muskegon township organization which consisted of the present townships of Muskegon, Laketon, Fruitland, White River, Montague, Whitehall, Blue Lake, and Dalton. The total valuation of Whitehall and Montague for that year was \$1,746. There was no annual meeting in Muskegon township consequently nothing was voted for township purposes. Geo. Ruddiman was Supervisor. In 1846 there is no record of any assessment in town 12, 17; but Timothy Eastman, chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Ottawa County, signed a certificate that the valuation of the township of Muskegon (which included the two tiers of townships from Norton on the South to Clay Banks on the North) was \$18,939 for

that year. The roll of 1847 shows a valuation in Whitehall and Montague of \$877.64. In 1848 the valuation was about the same and the valuation of the entire territory of Muskegon township was \$12,535.86 and the State and County apportionment was \$139.39.

Some recollections of Ebenezer Sprigg: I left Old England for America in the year 1856 intending to continue my trade of manufacturing lumber. On arriving in Chicago I was directed to Chas. Mears as a reliable man who always paid his hired help. December 5, 1856, I went aboard the schooner Japan, Capt. Ryerson, bound for Duck Lake, Mich. After a stormy trip we were obliged to land at Grand Haven and walk the beach to Duck Lake. At that time Ottawa County extended from Grand Haven to Manistee and it was said Mr. Mears had the largest lumbering plant in the county. He used both steam and water power, had a general store and post-office, and people came from miles around to trade and get their mail. Indians were plenty and came to trade too. Their "papposes" were strapped to a board and would be left leaning against a tree or any convenient thing. Animals were allowed to roam at will and one day a fierce old hog attacked

and partly devoured a baby. The Indians demanded the animal and it was willingly given them. That night they had a great fire and spirit dance and burned the remains of the child with the pig, hoping in this way to exorcise the evil spirit. The country was almost an unbroken wilderness but to me it seemed full of God-given riches. There was game, particularly deer; fish, fruit, timber and good water in abundance. Wolves were numerous but bears were scarce. One need not be an expert to kill a deer or catch fish. I caught many muskellunge with a large hook clumsily soldered to a tin tablespoon. Fever and ague were prevalent and none could escape its weakening grasp. In 1861 I moved over to White Lake and have seen the rise and fall of the lumber trade. The pine trees are gone and most of the mills too, but the lake is now fast developing into a popular Summer Resort.

Mrs. F. A. Hinman, then Mary Brockman, came with her parents from Germany in 1858. After staying a few days in Chicago they took passage on the propeller C. Mears for Duck Lake. The father and children walked to White River where he secured a small boat and went back for the mother and the goods. She remembers the self adjusting tune of Bro. Friday spoken of in the Muskegon Co. History. She married F. A. Hinman in 1868 and resides now on Division St., Whitehall. Mr. Hinman is at present assistant light keeper at Manistee, Cora Hinman Jackson resides in Muskegon, Fannie is a '98 graduate, Fred, Jr., and Albert are at home.

George E. Gardiner came to Montague in 1873. He entered the Flouring Mill to learn the business of milling, which he followed during his lifetime.

He was away from here several years in charge of large mills in Grand Rapids and Rockford. In 1884 he returned to take charge of the mill here. He was married that same year to Miss Alice Waugh, of Rockford. In 1894 he purchased a half interest in the mill. He was prominent in village affairs, honorable in his dealings, and his early death was sincerely mourned. He passed away April 10th, 1896, after an illness of several weeks duration.

Mrs. Betsy C. Rogers came from Kalamazoo with her husband in the Spring of 1854. The stage coach, sail boat, and ox team were the only way of travelling. She has lived at various points around the lake. While living at White River she saw the "North Yuba," with its load of winter supplies, go on the beach a total wreck. From Long Point she saw the steamer Oceana search for the body of Geo. Rogers, (no relative), who had fallen overboard and was drowned. She now resides on Division St., Whitehall, and we hope will live many years yet to tell of her experiences.

Mrs. Serena Jansen came to White Lake on the sailing vessel "Honest John" in October, 1853. Her husband, Chas. Wilson, was first mate. She spent the first Winter in the log house built by Hanson. Mr. Wilson died and she married Mr. Jansen. Her daughter, Clara Wilson, a pupil in the first public school, at present resides with her husband Myers Anderson in Wisconsin.

Dugold Leitch came to Maple Grove in 1860. There were four of the children at that time. Joe was born in 1864. In 1875 Annie married Prof. H. Strong and moved to Nebraska in 1878. The parents and brothers followed. Joe was elected a cadet to West Point in 1884, he graduated in 1894 and is now a First

Lieutenant in the U. S. A. with the 24th regiment. James went to Klondike Jan. 1, 1898. The remainder of the family are in business in Centralia, Wash.

It is interesting to know how they managed to load or unload boats in the early time. There were no piers or light house and a vessel would anchor out, load or unload from a lighter. When Jas. Jewel was building a mill on Heald's Point the boilers were brought over on a vessel. Frank Baker went aboard and packed them so they were water tight, then threw them overboard and they floated ashore.

In 1859 Hon. Chas. Mears and Giles Slocum platted and named the village of Mears. In 1867 a petition was circulated and enough signatures obtained to change the name. It was sent to Mr. Israel E. Carleton then member of the State Legislature from this district. The names suggested were already in use in the State so the choice was left to Mr. C., and Whitehall was the result.

I. E. Carleton purchased a watermill of Hiram Hulburt on the creek that bears his name in 1851. He came from Port Huron, Mich. Mrs. C. died in '65 followed by Mr. C. in '71. Of their children, Arthur resides at the old homestead., Susan Slater, 620, 23d St., Denver, Col., Eliza Rogers in Grand Rapids, and Edwin is a mail carrier in Muskegon.

J. W. Ocobock came to White Lake in March, 1862. Whitehall was his home the greater part of the time until 1885 when he moved to Hartford, Mich., where he died in April, 1892. His wife and daughter, Mrs. Harriet Thompson, and son, Geo. W. Ocobock, still live in Hartford, James W., Jr., is in Chicago, and Chas. A. remains in Whitehall.

The first "Fancy dress ball" was in

Cain's Hall, March 4, 1861, to celebrate the inauguration of President Lincoln. People came from miles around even from Muskegon. The weather was so cold it was impossible to keep the ball-room warm with two stoves. After supper the tables were removed and they danced in the dining-room until morning.

Isaac W. Berd, of the Sylvan Beach Hotel, was born a slave in Virginia. He was sold and taken to Shreveport, La., and afterward into the Southern army. At LaGrange, Tenn., he joined the Federal army and staid with them until the close of the war. He sailed on Lake Michigan several years as steward on the passenger steamers. He then settled in Montague.

About the year 1855 a man named Wheat from Bradford Co., Pa., made the first settlement at "Wheat Corners." Nearly the same date Edwin and Truman Nichols came. They were followed by a brother, Gale. It was he who drove the first stage between Muskegon and Mears in the Summer of 1862. His son A. W. Nichols lives at Big Rapids.

In 1855, Nathan Sargent built the first house in what is now Montague. The house is used by the Foundry for a pattern shop at present. About '64 Andrus and Even Knudsen built the first store building. Soon afterwards the Ferries purchased the ground and platted the village naming it in honor of the Rev. Wm. Montague Ferry.

In 1856, the boiler of the Ferry mill exploded and killed two men. The fireman was scalded, but the other man, Fred Mitchell, was killed on the dock by a piece of flying timber. A peculiar circumstance being the soles of his new boots were taken off as smoothly as a knife could do.

Mrs. B. F. Reed came with her husband in 1858 through an almost unbroken wilderness from Grand Rapids to settle in the town of Ferry on White River. She resides in Whitehall at present with her son, J. O., the county school commissioner. Mr. Reed died in 1896.

How many remember when the North Yuba was wrecked and her cargo of Winter supplies lost on the shores of Lake Michigan? or July 4th, 1855, that was celebrated by sawing the first board in the new Long Point steam saw mill?

Hon. C. C. Thompson was for years postmaster of Whitehall, and a pungent newspaper writer. He was representative from this district and a familiar figure in pioneer life. He died in 1891 and was buried at Whitehall.

C. H. Cook, formerly of Montague, is prospecting for gold in Washington. Mrs. C. H. Cook lives in Michigan City. The daughter, Fannie, is married and the son, John, is in a bank in Nebraska.

Samuel Raby was born in Plymouth, England, in 1828. He learned pattern making in his native land and came to Montague in 1872 and has ever since been in the employ of Wilson & Hendrie.

In 1864 the bridge was built between Whitehall and Montague. Wm. Gee and wife, of Coldwater, Mich., to visit James B. Gee at the Gee Corners, were the first team to cross the bridge.

Thomas Stanage, of Montague, is a White Lake pioneer. Chas. Mears and the Daltons were here before him. The nearest postoffice was Grand Haven, and the beach the only highway,

The Post Office was established in 1862, A. Mears, postmaster. Stephen Hall walked to Muskegon and carried the mail. J. Hinchman got first letter.

In September, 1870, the Booming Co. was formed. The following October the first train entered town. Rufus M. Hedges bought the first ticket.

Captain Dicey who served his country so well during the rebellion, in 5th Mich. Cav., was last heard of in Saginaw.

Dr. John A. Wheeler came in 1856. He now lives with his wife and two married daughters at Irving Park, Ill.

The Cains were among the very first settlers on White River. Mrs. Cain and children now reside in Seattle, Wash.

C. L. Streng, the popular Montague merchant, came to the village in 1868 as bookkeeper for Ferry & Dowling.

Frank Blackmarr, who started the first exchange bank in Whitehall in 1871 now lives in Duluth, Minnesota.

The first lawyer was Duane Thompson, 1865. The last heard of him he was at Texarkania, Arkansas.

Many remember the genial W. H. Woodbery. His present address is 767 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

The first fire engine on the lake was purchased by Montague 1873. Whitehall followed in 1874.

Mrs. Phebe Franklin's home is in Grand Rapids. Mr. Franklin died in '95.

The first bank, The Exchange Bank, was opened by F. Blackmarr, Sep. 14, '70.

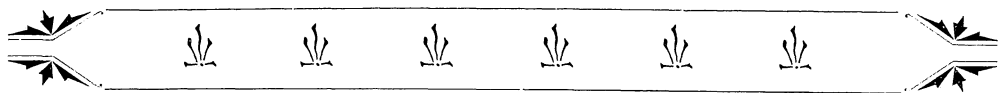
The first newspaper on White Lake, The Forum, was established in 1869.

The Tannery was built in 1866 and sold to the Eagle Tanning Co. 1871.

The first steam mill in Whitehall was built by Whittaker & Hall, 1856.

The first store building was built by C. Mears in 1859.

L. G. Ripley came to Montague in '74.



## The Outlook.    ©    ©    ©

ED. PHELAN.



IM and rapidly growing dimmer are the pictures that once went to the making up of the highly colored panorama of White Lake's racy past. The once conspicuous and important river driver, his superlatively crimson mackinaw, with sash and eye to match, and his peculiar penchant for speedily divorcing himself from his ninety days' salary, has now ceased to be an important trade factor.

The fog of business stagnation hovering over us during the period of our evolution from the lumbering interests to more general ones is now lifting and our little spark of hope for the mere continuance of forming a dot on the map has been fanned by substantial proof into a flame of certainty of not only continued existence, but that our pretty villages will win places well up to the commercial front. The lumberman, the riverman, the pinery and the mill have done yeoman service. To them we owe our very creation. We cannot, however, deem ourselves chargeable with any ingratitude if now we wave to them a reverential osculation from our finger tips and turn to extend a welcome to the Summer outer, the fruit grower, the farmer and the factory. In the cases of the three first mentioned every element of speculation has been removed and the geometrical progression, which we cannot now check if we

would, must inevitably land us, if not on the pinnacle, at least on the roof of fame in their respective interests. Our beautiful resorts are perhaps entitled to the first consideration as in conjunction with their direct benefits there are auxiliary ones as sure as taxes to follow. To capital attracted by the beauties of our lake, its harbor, shipping advantages and miles of unused dockage will offer convincing argument that must tempt to investment for factory sites.

In defense of our claim of being fruit growers little need be said, since we have in evidence some of the finest of orchards in Michigan's famous fruit belt, while the products of these sell regularly as select or fancy fruit on the Chicago and Eastern markets. It is but fair to add, however, that while we are favored by the climatic conditions and peculiar quality of soil that have made the belt, of which we are the center, famous, we have the important additional advantage of almost absolute absence from frost, not afforded those sections farther removed from Lake Michigan. Regarding our agricultural advancement we only invite investigation of of our almost marvelous growth during the past ten years.

With a justified appeal to the manufacturer and a prediction that, unless our "cable" be mysteriously cut, the world will soon hear of our successful bombardment of adversity, we are, yours for advancement!



ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

**The Muskegon Savings Bank,**  
**Muskegon, Mich.**

CAPITAL \$50,000.00.

H. N. HOVEY, }  
J. F. DENSLOW, } Vice Prests.



**3 per cent. Interest paid on Savings Deposits.**



**Deposits received from One Dollar up.**



**Money loaned on Mortgage or  
Other Satisfactory Security.**



We would be glad to have  
you do business with us.

**Frank E. Hammond,**  
Cashier.

---

**LYMAN T. COVELL,**

**LUMBER, LATH  
AND SHINGLES.**



**FRUIT AND FARMING LANDS.**

Whitehall,      ©      ©      ©      ©      Michigan.



**FUNERAL FURNISHER and DIRECTOR.**

**Embalming a Specialty.**

**Calls Attended to Night or Day.**

No. 311, Colby Street, or Residence No. 323, Colby Street, Whitehall, Mich.

**GEORGE J. MOOG,**

Dealer in **General Merchandise, Furni-  
ture, Wall Paper, Carpets, Crock-  
ery, Glassware, Hardware,  
Stoves, Tinware, Agri-  
cultural Implements.**

**CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, ROAD WAGONS, and BICYCLES**

**Household Goods and Furnishings. Resort Goods a Specialty.**



For 

Millinery

Trimmings,

Feathers,

Ribbons,

Fancy Goods,



and all articles of

## Headwear for Ladies

the proper place to go is

**Mrs. L. G. Grubb's,**

Bank Block,

Montague, Mich.

**Kabenswood,**

**F. D. Pryor, Prop'r.**

is one of the

**Coziest Resorts on White Lake.**

**Ample Room.**

**Nice Accommodations.**

**Rates Reasonable.**

Address

**F. D. PRYOR, - Montague, Michigan.**

**G. Berg & Co.,**

**Union Market.**

**Fresh and Salt Meats,  
Poultry and Game,**

**in Season.**



**MOTTO: Good Goods at Going Prices.**

**WHITEHALL, - MICHIGAN.**

# ROSEN BROS.

carry the representative  
and most dependable lines in

**CLOTHING,**

**SHOES,**

**FURNISHINGS,**

**HATS & CAPS.**

**THE FAMOUS** 

"Hammerslough Bros. Clothes,"

"Hart, Shaffner and Marks Clothes."

These clothes are noted for perfection of fit,  
finish and durability.

Prices \$12 to \$20 for suits.



Spring and Autumn Overcoats.  
Excellent materials. \$10 to \$15.



**29 & 31 Western Ave.,**

**MUSKEGON. - - - MICH.**

**The Pines,**

**J. R. Austin, Prop'r.**

One of

**The Leading Resorts  
of the Shore.**



Address **J. R. AUSTIN,**  
**MICHILLINDA, MICH.**

**Ed. J. Smith,**

**Attorney.**

*Real Estate and  
Collections.*

**LAKE SHORE PROPERTY BOUGHT AND SOLD.**

*COLLECTIONS MADE.*

**Whitehall, - - - Mich.**

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Mears & Swenington,**  
General Merchandise.  
The Best Place to Buy  
Dry Goods, Carpets and Draperies,  
Dress Skirts, Capes, Hosiery,  
Underwear, Groceries.  
Best Goods at Lowest Prices.  
WHITEHALL, MICH.

ARTHUR JONES.

CHARLES D. KENNEDY.

**Jones & Kennedy,**  
Attorneys at Law.

Rooms 31, 31½ and 32 Mason Block.

MUSKEGON. - - - MICH.

**S. P. VanZant,**  
Central Market.  
dealer in  
Fresh and Salt Meats, Produce, Game  
and Poultry in Season.  
Highest Cash Price paid for Orchard and  
Farm Products. Car-lots a Specialty.  
Whitehall, © © Mich.

**W. D. Pyne,**  
Manager.

The  
Fernwood  
Resort, on White Lake.

WHITEHALL, - - MICH.

**J. E. Binmore,**  
M. D., C. M.  
L. R. C. P. L. R. C. S. Edinburgh.  
L. F. P. and S. Glasgow.  
Office over Pitkin's Drug Store,  
Corner Colby Street and Mears Avenue.

Whitehall, © © © Mich.

**T. B. Widoe Clothing Co.,**  
Clothing.  
Furnishing Goods, Hats, and Caps.  
Fine Tailoring a Specialty.  
First door west of Post Office, Colby St.  
Whitehall, - - Mich.

**Dr. W. R. Johnston,**  
Dental Surgeon.  
Gold Fillings, Bridge Work and Crowns  
a Specialty.  
Vitalized Air and Chloroform given for the  
Painless Extraction of Teeth.  
Whitehall, Mich.

**L. E. Jones,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Professional Calls will receive  
Prompt Attention.  
Office in Ripley Block.  
MONTAGUE, MICH.

**Smith, Nims, Hoyt & Erwin,**  
Attorneys.

FRANCIS SMITH,  
F. A. NIMS,  
H. J. HOYT,  
DAVID D. ERWIN.

Muskegon, © © Mich.

**M. S. Green,**  
Commission Merchant.  
Fruits, Vegetables,  
Baled Hay, Etc.  
A Square Deal to all Alike.  
WHITEHALL, - MICHIGAN

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The W. C. T. U.

Recommend

RUMFORD'S

BAKING POWDER.

M. J. Dyer,

Photographer.

Up-to-Date Work and Right Prices.

Kodak Work Finished.

Whitehall, © © © Mich.

L. G. Ripley,



The Druggist  
and Stationer.

Montague, © © © Mich.

Adam Born,

General Blacksmith.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

MONTAGUE, : : MICH.

Geo. D. Herrick,

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS.

Steinway & Sons.

Everett.

Wegman & Co.

Havard.

Kroeger.

Haines.

ORGANS.

Farrand & Votey.

Packard.

Story & Clark.

Agent for Western Mich. for The "Symphony" or Self-playing organ. The Angelus and Orchestral, the wonderful self-playing piano attachment.

21-23 So. Division St., 2nd Floor, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

J. D. Hollis,

Dentist.



is prepared to do all work in the best and most improved manner. Teeth extracted, filled and furnished at reasonable rates, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

Whitehall, © © Mich.

J. D. Glazier,

Grocer.

who strives to make an honest Dollar by selling First-Class Groceries at reasonable prices. Give him a call.

WHITEHALL, - - MICH.

Montague Iron Works,

Montague, Mich.

Established 1871.  
Incorporated 1893.

manufacturers of

Stationery and Marine

Engines and Boilers. ©

GENERAL MILL

MACHINERY.

Hoffman & Morse,



Druggists.

MONTAGUE, - MICHIGAN.

C. L. Streng,

Dry Goods.

Hosiery,

Underwear,

Gent's Furnishings,

Notions, Etc., Etc.

MONTAGUE, MICH.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Edwin E. Brown,**

Publisher,

The Whitehall Forum,

Established 1869.

The Montague Observer,

Established 1871.

The Two Lists  
make A  
PROFITABLE  
COMBINATION  
for wide-awake  
Advertisers.

Fine Job Printing our Specialty.

**Erickson, Steffee & Co.,**

manufacturers of and dealers in

Dressed Lumber.

SASH AND DOOR FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.



Estimates on all kinds of work promptly furnished.

All our work is finished in a first-class manner.

We make Center TABLES, BOOK CASES, WRITING DESKS, etc., to order.

**H. W. Berd,**

Proprietor,

The New

Sylvan Beach Hotel.

White Lake  
Mich.

Finest Summer Resort on the East Shore.

For Particulars Address

I. W. BERD, Prop'r., Montague, Mich.

**Andrew Wurtzler,**

Montague, Mich.

manufacturer of and dealer in

Boots and Shoes,

Harnesses and Buggies,

Carriages, Etc., Etc.

**Chas. Andrews.**

Whitehall, Mich.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.



Rigs for Commercial Men a Specialty.



First Class Turnouts at Reasonable Prices.

**Nelson & Co.,**

General Merchandise.

Cor. Colby St. and Mears Ave.

Whitehall,      ©      ©      Mich.

**D. A. Teller,**

Insurance.

FIRE, LIFE and  
ACCIDENT.

I represent prompt and reliable companies and give careful personal attention to the business. Call on me at Montague Bank.

**Andrew Krogstad,**

Groceries and Provisions.

MEARS AVENUE.

WHITEHALL,      -      -      MICH.

**Charles Tornblom,**

Troy Laundry.

GOOD WORK,

PROMPTLY DONE.

Whitehall,      ©      ©      Mich.

**A. E. Boardwell,**

Groceries and Provisions.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Chase and Sanborn's Red Seal Brand  
of Coffee.

Montague,      ©      ©      Mich.

WM. D. HARDY & CO.,

MUSKEGON, MICH.,



The one store in  
Muskegon County  
where you can find  
everything to wear  
under one roof ;  
where only the



Most Reliable Goods

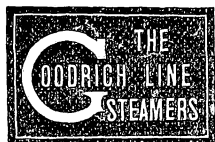
are offered for sale  
and in every case  
prices are made  
the very lowest ob-  
tainable in any of  
the markets.



Your Money Back

If You Want It.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



SEASON 1898.

# Goodrich Transportation Co.

WHITEHALL,  
MONTAGUE,  
CHICAGO Line.

In Connection with the

## STR. RYERSON,

Str. RYERSON leaves Whitehall  
dock daily at 5, p. m., arriving at Grand Haven  
8, p. m., where close connection is made with Goodrich  
Steamers for Chicago. Leaves Grand Haven, daily,  
6, a. m., on arrival Goodrich Steamers from  
Chicago, arrives Whitehall, 8, a. m.

Stops at all Resorts on White Lake Both Ways.

**This is the Only Daily Line** and the Only First-Class Line  
between these Points and Chicago.

FARE ONE WAY \$3, ROUND TRIP \$5.

Freight shipped by this Line reaches Chicago  
at 6, a. m., earlier than by any other route.

Capt. DAVE WILSON. Mgr..  
Whitehall.

W. D. ROSIE, Agt. G. T. Co.,  
Muskegon.

## Towner Hardware Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

# Hardware, Mill and Vessel Supplies.

Lubricating Oils, Leather Belting, Alaska Refrigerators,  
Illuminating Oils, Rubber Belting, Garland Stoves & Ranges,  
Detroit Emery Wheels, Eclipse Gaskets, Philadelphia Lawn Mowers,  
Dodge Split Pulleys, Plymouth Lath Yarn, Sherwin-Williams Paint,

Oil Stoves Fine Cutlery and Tools a Specialty.

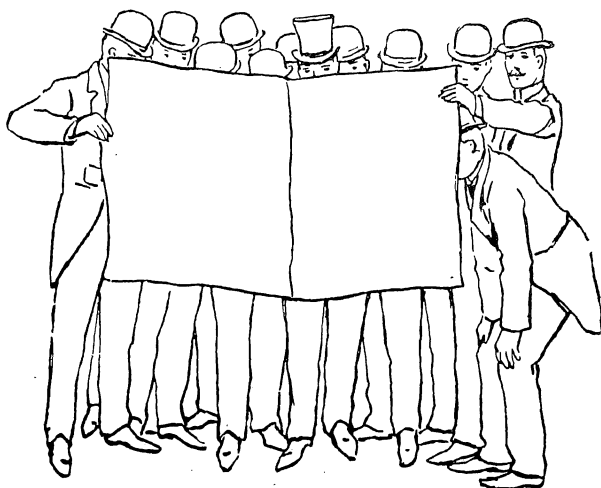
and

Telephone 53, 45, W. Western Av.,

Ranges.

MUSKEGON,

MICH.



# REMEMBER THE MAINE

object in buying

## CLOTHING AND SHOES

is to trade where you are sure to get the  
greatest value for your money.



**It  
will  
Pay  
You**

to go to MUSKEGON and trade at the

**Largest Store,**

**Most Reliable Store,**

**The One Price Store,**

**Strictly Cash Store,**

**In Western Michigan.**



With all these advantages we can and do sell Reliable Goods at  
less price than the merchants doing business on the  
"Charge It" plan, Think this over and go to

*Muskegon, Mich.*

**A. P. CONNER & CO.**

COMPLETE

BANKING FACILITIES

are provided for

Whitehall and Montague,

by the

**Muskegon County Bank,**

(H. H. TERWILLIGER, Banker.)

Two Fully Equipped Banking Houses, one in each Town,  
With Private Telephone Connection.

Savings Department paying 4 pr. ct. and Loaning on Real Estate.

We want your Business, however large or small it may be, and  
will make it safe and advantageous for you to deal with us.

Correspondents and Reserve Depositories :

Grand Rapids—Old National Bank.

Chicago—Metropolitan National Bank.

New York—Importers' and Traders' National Bank.

Lands for Sale in one of Michigan's Best Townships.









MICHIGAN  
REFERENCE.

